Special Features This Issue
Building the Rob Roy Canoe
Hawaii on the Hudson - Better Than Disney

messing about in BOATS

Volume 16 - Number 12 November 1, 1998

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Volume 16 - Number 12
November 1, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

Mark Steele reports from Fiji on "The Greatest Little Ocean Race"; Ross Miller describes "An Autumn Cruise" and Lee Trachtenberg tells of "A November Cruise", season's end stories; Smiljka Fitzgerald chronicles the problems of discovering "The Shipwreck"; and Tom returns with another exerpt from his book, *The Odd-A-Tea*, with "Lorelei".

Bunny Fernald remembers bygone building of "Barrel Hoop Kayaks"; Jim Hornby concludes his two part tale of "The Amateur Boatbuilder; Bob Hawk likewise concludes his two part report on 'Building the Rob Roy Canoe".

Edward Tucker describes the extinct "Chatham Gunning Skiff; Glen L. presents their aluminum drift boat design, "McDrift"; Bill Foden inquires of readers their views on "Alternative Liveaboard Boating"; Richard Carsen's "Dreamboats" series moves on to "Trimarans"; and Phil Bolger is still running a bit late on what he'll be giving us but it will be there.

On the Cover...

Barbara Hawk enjoys her husband's latest stitch & glue boat project. A Glen L designs enthusiast, Bob Hawk brings us a detailed report on building this boat, beginning in this issue.

Commentary...

As the year's end approaches it again becomes the time for the new calendars featuring beautiful boats to turn up. First off the mark in the calendar race this year is *WoodenBoat* who sent us two choices, both desk calendars for busy folks like us who have to make notations on their calendars about life's many daily committments. They are quite different in character.

A World of Boating is a picture book calendar, of the coffee table genre, very professionally composed color photos of boats, mostly sail, mostly doing their thing in the Newport, Rhode Island area, where photographer Onne van der Wal lives. The now sort of familiar scenes of yachts big and small racing are interupted from time to time during the year by scenes like a dinghy on a winter beach or a fishing skiff at sunset in Polynesia. There is plenty of room on the opposite pages of each week to enter all your appointments while you enjoy vicarious boating adventures.

The Mariner's Book of Days is Peter Spectre's latest issue of this annual effort, eagerly anticipated around here. I don't need the places to write in my appointments, I have to have a bigger space on a cheap deskpad calendar, but I sure do enjoy Uncle Pete's always fascinating eclectic mix of nautical trivia and history. Peter has yet to slip into any sort of routine replication as the years go by, he unearths the most incredible array of information and presents it in two formats. The calendar page for each week has some historical note appropriate to each day while the facing page contains all the esoteric stuff ranging far and wide over all things nautical. Illustrations abound, mostly old timey stuff.

So I look to see what happened of note on my birthday, January 20th. Peter presents the following:

"1914 - The windjammer *Inverclyde*, on a voyage from Seattle to Queenstown, Ireland, was knocked down and stayed down. After three days of pumping and restowing cargo, the crew got her upright and sailing again." Just another day in the life.

The theme for the week in which my birthday falls (January 18-24, Monday through Sunday it seems) is announced by this quotation: "The perfection of a yacht's beauty is that nothing should be there for only beauty's sake." (John MacGregor).

The topics discussed briefly on the facing page are "Make her beautiful, says L. Francis Herreshoff"; "These things create beauty in a boat"; "The different kinds of sheer"; and "The bow of a boat as seen by John Ruskin". Just one of 52 such collections of intriguing maritime stuff.

In a bit more in-depth look at what sort of stuff Uncle Pete gives us, the week of June 14-20 focusses on solo small craft crossings of the Atlantic. Hugo Vihlen is first quoted as follows:

"I'm sailing across the Atlantic again next summer," I said in a low voice. I hastily added, "Don't tell your mother."

Dana nearly inhaled his mouthful of food, then leaned closer. "But Dad, you don't even have a boat!"

"It doesn't matter," I said, dismissing his well-founded point. "We'll build one."

So who is this Hugo Vihlen? Well the next squib is a listing of 17 people who have sailed across the Atlantic solo in little boats, starting off with Alfred Johnson in a 20' gaff cutter in 1876. When I get to 1968, 12th down the list, Hugo Vihlen appears, sailing east to west in his 6' (yes six foot) *April Fool*. Not one to rest on his laurels, Vihlen again appears 25 years later in 1993, sailing west to east in his 5'4" (yes, five foot four inch) *Father's Day*. Not specifically explained, but certainly reasonable to assume, is that Vihlen's second effort after a quarter century was prompted by the sailing of Tom McNally in 1993, just ahead of Vihlen on the list, east to west in his 5'4-1/2" (five foot four and one half inch) *Vera Hugh Pride of Merseyside*. Cutting it fine ideed for small boat crossings of the Atlantic.

The way you enjoy this calendar is to not read it cover to cover when you get it. Maybe scan it a bit, as I have for this commentary. Then set it aside until the days and weeks come up, read and enjoy only for that time period. But, like eating potato chips, it is pretty hard to do just one at a time. Exercise discipline however, and prolong the enjoyment throughout the year.

Just when I finished up this commentary on September 28th, the next arrival to appear in the great calendar flood is Benjamin Mendlowitz's *Calendar of Wooden Boats*. Good thing it's not another desk calendar, this one will hang on the office wall, for Mendlowitz is without peer, in my view, at photographing beautiful boats. Aside from his professional competence, I marvel at how he arranges the settings for his choices, or gets to where they are happening just at the right time.

Given this, around here still, Uncle Pete is hard to beat.

(Should you not know how or where to obain these calendars, contact:

WoodenBoat at P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616, (800) 877-5284 or Noah Publications, P.O. Box 14, Brooklin, ME 04616, (800) 848-9663.)

Hurricane Preparation

As I write this, we expect Hurricane Bonnie within next 14 hours. We are in "Condition Two," so I am monitoring my Auxiliary VHF radio. There is little traffic now. This storm has been well publicized and most boats have found safe harbor. At any moment, the telephone will ring and I'll make my appointed calls to staff officers that "Condition One" has been set and the Auxiliary will shut down until the storm has passed.

For the past 48 hours Auxiliarists have been busy, working at the local Marine Safety Office (bring your blanket and be ready to for MRE meals ready to eat) and at the two local Coast Guard Stations as radio operators, telephone answerers, and boat crew, but the real work of the Auxiliary begins when the storm has passed.

Our first job will be to check the condition of federal Aids to Navigation. What buoys or daymarks are missing or off station? My flotilla Operations Officer has already put me on notice for a patrol, assuming my boat survives the storm and I have a crew on standby. The second priority is to haul hazards to navigation from the Intra Coastal Waterway.

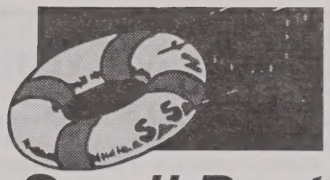
After Fran two years ago, I did 11 patrols in 14 days and felt that I was working more for the Corps of Engineers than for the Coast Guard as I hauled debris and sections of dock from the ICW to local ramps where commercial fishermen, seeing me coming, backed their trucks down to the water's edge and hauled all sorts of trash to dry land. Among the post-Fran debris was a beautiful teak hatch cover which is now a coffee table in my home. Notices in local marinas failed to turn up the real owner.

The third post-hurricane job will be to check private aids to navigation in the dozens of marinas and harbors in our area of responsibility and, in the process, to look for any signs of oil or fuel spills. It is unlikely that we will find any. Marinas here in southeast North Carolina know the hurricane drill and are good at shutting off main valves, but there is always the chance that a half-sunken vessel will be leaking fuel and that demands prompt attention.

The first squalls from Bonnie have just hit the windows. It's clearly time to shut down my computer and double check that the oil lamps and the alcohol stove are ready against anticipated power failure. Thirty-six, or possibly forty-eight, hours from now there will be work to be done. For the moment, it's simply a matter of hunkering down until the storm has passed us by.

After Bonnie

Bonnie was a strange storm, defying predictions. She was forecast to hit the Cape River mouth at about noon, exactly high tide. Then she slowed. She actually arrived almost six hours later at dead low, thereby sparing countless docks and boats, mine among them. Then, on reaching land, the eye collapsed. Having gone through more than 14 hours of winds up to 115 mph, I was braced for the back side of the storm, which never came. As you will have read or seen in the newspaper and on TV, Bonnie moved on up the coast and caused lots of problems, but for us here in the Cape Fear area, it was all over by dawn on Thursday, save for rain showers and gusts, which lasted another 12 hours.



Small Boat SAFETY

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

Again she fooled us. Usually the day after a hurricane is sunny, windless, and very hot. Not so this time. The aftermath lingered long enough to cause the Coast Guard to defer Auxiliary chart updating patrols.

Bonnie came in on a long, long Wednesday/Thursday. Early on Friday morning, mine was one of five Auxiliary boats assigned to check Aids to Navigation in a 30-mile stretch of the Intra Coastal Waterway and 25 miles along the Cape Fear River. Since both were "closed to navigation," we had them pretty much to ourselves. Job One, checking ATONS, was straightforward. Job Two, removing hazards to navigation from navigable waters, was a little more complicated, especially in the ICW. A fragment from a dock that would be brushed aside by a freighter in the river could destroy a fast recreational outboard, let alone a PWC. As we approached each public ramp (and some friendly private marinas), our decks were jammed with logs, branches, and 2x6s, and we usually has a section of a dock in tow. A patrol like this does make one feel useful.

Because of the timing of the storm, the Auxiliary had only to run special patrols on Friday and brief the crews of the regular Saturday and Sunday safety patrols. They, too, thanks to vagaries of wind and tide, collected some significant debris.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell

The War Between the U.S. and Canada

You didn't know we had one, did you? Actually there have been several. The subject has always been some sort of sovereignty issue. These have not been major shooting wars, but the people in the middle have definitely gotten upset in various ways.

Several have been over the "X" mile limit and fishing rights. There was even one last year. Didn't notice it, did you? Our fishermen did. Typically, Canada declares that it will enforce a border control or catch limit, and a captain decides that he can get away with violating the new rule or hasn't heard of it. The vessel and its catch get impounded, the crew gets interned and everyone loses

Once the schooner *Qualitas* got caught just inside the 12-mile limit with lines out and nearly a full cargo of fish. The Canadian Coast Guard picked them up and escorted them into port. As there was no jail, the crew were interned in the local post office. It was the most substantial building in town. The fish, as they showed no desire to escape, were allowed to stay aboard under guard. The sails were unrigged and put in a warehouse.

Several of us local boys went down to the harbor in hopes of going aboard and "liberating" a few souvenirs. The guard saw us and threatened to tell our parents we had been there. That was enough of a threat to stop our adventuring that night.

A few days later, a distinguished western businessman came to town, inquiring about gold mining. As there were several small mines just outside of town, this seemed reasonable at the time. While he was around, several of us began tagging along with him. He didn't seem to mind.

He was staying at the local hotel, right across from the post office, and spending his time doing what a businessman ought to do. No one seemed to notice that he did a lot of business at the post office and bought the lads a few drinks when they were off duty.

Late Saturday night we were staying out late and saw a man who walked like him leave the hotel. I say a man who walked like him but who did not look like him. He was dressed in a working suit, had no whiskers, and was carrying a pistol and club. Even though the walk was very much like the man we knew, he seemed much more purposeful. We followed him to see what was up.

When he got to the post office, he went to the constable on duty and said, "Dan, I need the keys to the brig where you've got my crew locked up." Dan, needless to say, did not care to give over his responsibility and started to argue. He was shortly sleeping the sleep of the just.

After releasing the crew, *Qualitas*'s owner instructed them to head for the warehouse to liberate the sails, while he went down to check out his vessel. As he approached he pulled a bottle from his pocket, calling to the guard to share a bottle with him on this quiet, foggy night. Gentleman that he was, he let the watchman have the first drink. After several drinks, the watchman lay down to rest his legs. The owner laid him out of the way so he wouldn't get hurt. He didn't seem too surprised at having to do so.

The crew showed up, carrying the sails with the help of several of us boys. We helped bend on the foresail and get underway, bending on other sails as we proceeded. By the time we got to the 12-mile limit, we knew we were headed for Boston with the cargo. As we were aboard anyway, we agreed to go for the joy ride. When we arrived in Boston, we were surprised to find a parade laid on in honor of the owner and crew.

Activities & Events Organizers '98...

The new season is now here, so it seems that it's time that many of us will be thinking about what we might want to be doing as we get back on the water.

As a center of a sort of small boating communications network, *Messing About in Boats* hears from many, many people. We receive a steady stream of news releases from a variety of organizations which offer activities ranging over the whole messing about scene, and we are frequently asked by individuals to direct them to some special interest group or organzation or event.

To expedite this we publish this "Activities & Events Organizers" listing. We cannot possibly publish announcements of the hundreds of activities that take place monthly, and we don't want to spend a lot of time either on the phone or answering letters from individuals inquiring about opportunities. Instead we periodically publish this list and suggest that readers contact any of these that seem to offer what it is they are looking for.

If you do not find what you want in this listing, then contact us, we may be able to help you. But bear in mind that everything we hear goes onto this list, we're not holding anything back.

ANTIQUE & CLASSIC BOATING

Antique Outboard Motor Club, RR Box 9195, Spirit Lake, IA 51360.

Chesapeake Bay Chapter ACBS, P.O. Box 6780, Annapolis, MD 21401.

Lawley Boat Owners Association, P.O. Box 242, Gloucester, MA 01931-0242. (978) 281-4440.

N.E. Chapter Antique & Classic Boat Society, 140 Powers Rd., Meredith, NH 03253, (603) 279-4654.

Old Boats, Old Friends, P.O. Box 081400, Racine, WI 53408-1400. (414) 634-2351.

Penn Yan Owners, c/o Bruce Hall, Rt. 90, King Ferry, NY 13081.

BOATBUILDING INSTRUCTION

Alder Creek Boatworks, 15011 Joslyn Rd., Remsen, NY 13438. (315) 831-5321.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624. (315) 686-4104.

Apprenticeshop of Rockland, Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, (207) 594-1800.

Brookfield Craft Center, P.O. Box 122, Brookfield, CT 06804, (203) 775-4526.

Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663. (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.

Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.

Glenmar Community Sailing Center, c/o Back River Recreation Council, 8501 La Salle Rd. Suite 211, Towson, MD 21286. (410) 252-9324.

John Gardner School of Boatbuilding, Box 2967, Annapolis, MD 21404, (410) 867-0042.

International Yacht Restoration School, 28 Church St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 849-3060.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3 Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Mariners' Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23607-3759, (804) 596-2222.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516, (919) 728-7317.

North House Folk School, P.O. Box 759, Grand Marais, MN 55604, (218) 387-9762.

Northwest School of Wooden Boatbuilding, 251 Otto St., Port Townsend, WA 98368. (206) 385-4948.

RiversWest Small Craft Center, P.O. Box 82686, Portland, OR 97282. (503) 236-2926.

San Francisco Maritime National Hidstoric Park, Bldg. E, Fort Mason Center, San Francisco, CA 94123. (415) 929-0202.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038. (212) 748-8600.

Sterling College, Craftsbury Common, VT 05827, (802) 586-7711.

Wooden Boat School, P.O. Box 78, Brooklin, ME 04616. (207) 359-4651.

Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209. (920) 868-3955.

CONTEMPORARY YACHTING

Amateur Yacht Research Society (AYRS), c/o Frank Bailey, 415 Shady Dr., Grove City, PA 16127.

Sail Newport, 53 America's Cup Ave., Newport, RI 02840. (401) 846-1983.

ELECTRIC BOATING

Electric Boat Ass'n. of the Americas, P.O. Box 4151, Deerfield Beach, FL 33442. (954) 725-0640.

MARITIME EDUCATION

Duxbury Bay Maritime School, P.O. Box 263, Snug Harbor Sta., Duxbury, MA 02331. (617) 934-7555.

Lake Schooner Education Association, Ltd., 500 N. harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Nova Scotia Sea School, 1644 Walnut St., Halifax, NS B3H 3S4, (902) 492-4127.

The River School, 203 Ferry Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2007.

Sea Education Association, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Woods Hole, MA 02543. (508) 540-3954.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association, Milwaukee Maritime Cntr., 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53202, (414) 276-7700.

Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368.

MARITIME MUSEUMS

(Maritime Museum News, P.O. Box 607, Groton, MA 01450-0607, specializes in this field of interest).

Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, NY 12812. (518) 352-7311.

Antique Boat Museum, 750 Mary St., Clayton, NY 13624, (315) 686-4104.

Calvert Marine Museum, P.O. Box 987, Solomons, MD 20688, (410) 326-2042.

Cape Ann Historical Association, 27 Pleasant St., Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-0455.

Cape Fear Maritime Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington, NC 28401, (910) 341-4350.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 636, St. Michaels, MD 21663-0636, (410) 745-2916.

Connecticut River Museum, 67 Main St., Essex, CT 06426. (860) 767-8269.

Erie Canal Museum, 318 Erie Blvd. E., Syracuse, NY 13202, (315) 471-0593.

Essex Shipbuilding Museum, Box 277, Essex, MA 01929. (978) 768-7541.

Gloucester Adventure, P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA 01930-1306.

Havre de Grace Maritime Museum, P.O. Box 533, Havre de Grace, MD 21078.

Herreshoff Marine Museum, 7 Burnside St., P.O. Box 450, Bristol, RI 02809. (401) 253-5000.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, 1 Rondout Landing, Kingston, NY 12401. (914) 338-0071.

Hull Lifesaving Museum, 1117 Nantasket Ave., Hull, MA 02045, (617) 925-5433.

Independence Seaport Museum, Penns Landing, 211 S. Columbus Blvd, Philadelphia, PA 19106-1415. (215) 925-5439.

Inland Seas Maritime Museum, 4890 Main St., Vermillion, OH 44089

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR#3, Box 4092, Vergennes, VT 05491. (802) 475-2022.

Lighthouse Preservation Society, P.O. Box 736, Rockport, MA 01966, (978) 281-6336.

Long Island Maritime Museum, P.O.Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796. (516) 854-4974.

Maine Maritime Museum, 243 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 443-1316.

Marine Museum of Upper Canada, c/o The Toronto Historical Board, 205 Yonge St., Toronto, ON M5B 1N2, Canada, (416) 392-1765.

Maine Watercraft Museum, 4 Knox St. Landing, Thomaston, ME 04861. (800) 923-0444.

Marine Museum of Fall River, Battleship Cove, Fall River, MA 02720, (508) 674-3533.

Mariners Museum, 100 Museum Dr., Newport News, VA 23606-3759. (757) 596-2222.

Maritime & Seafood Industry Museum, P.O. Box 1907, Biloxi, MS 39533, (601) 435-6320.

Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.

Maritime & Yachting Museum, 9801 S. Ocean Dr., Jensen Beach, FL 34957. (407) 229-1025.

Milwaukee Lake Schooner Inc., P.O. Box 291, Milwaukee, WI 53201-0291. (414) 276-5664.

Mystic Seaport Museum, P.O. Box 6000, Mystic, CT 06355-0990. (860) 572-5315).

New Bedford Whaling Museum, New Bedford, MA. (508) 997-0046.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Osterville Historical Society & Museum, 155 West Bay Rd., P.O. Box 3, Osterville, MA 02655, (508) 428-5861.

Peabody-Essex Museum, 161 Essex St. Salem, MA 01970. (978) 745-9500.

Plimoth Plantation, Plymouth, MA. (508) 746-1662.

San Diego Maritime Museum, 1306 N. Harbor Dr., San Diego, CA 92101. (919) 234-9153.

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St., New York, NY 10038, (212) 748-8600.

Strawbery Banke Museum, P.O. Box 300, Portsmouth, NH 03802, (603) 433-1100.

Toms River Maritime Museum, Water St. & Hooper Ave., P.O. Box 1111, Toms River, NJ 08754, (908) 349-9209.

United States Naval & Shipbuilding Museum, 739 Wash. St., Quincy, MA 02169, (617) 479-7900.

USS Constitution Museum, Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129, (617) 426-1812.

Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave., Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

Wisconsin Lake Schooner, 500 N. Harbor Dr., Milwaukee, WI 53201.

MODEL BOATING

Cape Ann Ship Modelers Guild, R57 Washington St., Gloucester, MA 01930.

Downeast Ship Modelers' Guild, c/o Roy Wheeler, 295 Washington St., Bath, ME 04530. (207) 442-0097.

Model Guild of the Ventura County Maritime Museum, 2731 S. Victoria Ave. Oxnard, CA 93035. (805) 984-6260.

North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-7317.

Ship Modelers Association of Southern California, 2083 Reynosa Dr., Torrance, CA 90501. (310) 326-5177.

U.S.S. Constitution Model Shipwright Guild, c/o George Kaiser, 23 Mermaid Ave., Winthrop, MA 02152-1122. (617) 846-3427.

U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group, c/o John Snow, 78 E. Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (617) 631-4203.

ONE DESIGN SAILING

American Canoe Association Canoe Sailing, 2210 Finland Rd., Green Lane, PA 18054. (215) 453-9084.

.Bridges Point 24 Assoc., c/o Kent Mulliken, 101 Windsor Pl., Chapel Hill, NC, (919) 929-1946.

Cape Cod Frosty Association, P.O. Box 652, Cataumet, MA 02534. (508) 771-5218.

Hampton One-Design, c/o Scott Wolff, 3385 Kings Neck Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23452. (757) 463-6895.

New England Beetle Cat Boat Assoc., c/o David Akin, 40 Chase Ave., W. Dennis, MA 02670.

San Francisco Pelican Viking Fleet III, P.O. Box 55142, Shoreline, WA 98155-0142, email: <jgosse@juno.com>
West Wight Potter's Association, Southern California Chapter, c/o Roland Boepple, 17972 Larcrest Cir., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. (714) 848-1239.

PADDLING

ACA New England Division, c/o Earle Roberts, 785 Bow Ln., Middletown, CT 06457.
Houston Canoe Club, P.O. Box 925516, Houston, TX 77292-5516. (713) 467-8857.
Hulbert Outdoor Center, RR1 Box 91A, Fairlee, VT 05045-9719. (802) 333-3405.
Maine Canoe Symposium, c/o Jerry Kocher, 41 Leighton Rd., Wellesley, MA 02181. (617) 237-1956.
Metropolitan Canoe & Kayak Club, P.O. Box 021868, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0040, (914) 634-9466.
New England Canoe Racing Association, 102 Snipsic Lake Rd., Ellington, CT 06039. (860) 872-6375.
New England Downriver Championship Series. (203) 871-8362.
Rhode Island Canoe Association, 856 Danielson Pike, Scituate, RI 02857. (401) 647-2293.
Riverways Programs, Massachusetts Dept. of Fisheries, Wildlife & Environmental Law Enforcment, 100 Cambridge St. Room 1901, Boston, MA 02202, (617) 727-1614 XT360.
Sebago Canoe Club, Paerdegat Basin, Foot of Ave. N, Brooklyn, NY 11226. (718) 241-3683.
Washington Canoe Club, 8522 60th Pl., Berwyn Heights, MD 20740.
Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, P.O. Box 255, Paul Smiths, NY 12970-0255, (518) 327-3259.

ROWING

Amoskeag Rowing Club, 30 Mechanic St., Manchester, NH 03101, (603) 668-2130.
Beaufort Oars, P.O. Box 941, Beaufort, NC 28516. (919) 728-3156.
Cape Ann Rowing Club, P.O. Box 1715, Gloucester, MA 01930, (978) 283-4695.
Cape Cod Viking Club, c/o Bernie Smith, 2150 Washington St., E. Bridgewater, MA 02333. (508) 378-2301.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06475. (860) 388-2343, (860) 388-2007.
Floating the Apple, 400 W. 43rd St. 32R, New York, NY 10036. (212) 564-5412.
Maine Rowing Assoc., c/o Reg Hudson, P.O. Box 419, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679.
Narragansett Boat Club, P.O. Box 2413, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 272-1838.
New England Open Water Rowing Calendar, Frank Durham, 70 Hayden Rd., Hollis, NH 03049, (603) 465-7920.
Piscataqua Rowing Club, Prescott Park, Portsmouth, NH, c/o Mike Gowell, (207) 439-0886, or Jeff Taylor, (603) 228-4614.
Ring's Island Rowing Club, c/o Alice Twombley, 91 Seven Star Rd., Groveland, MA 01834, (978) 373-7816.
Riverfront Recapture, 1 Hartford Sq. W, Suite 104, Hartford, CT 06106-1984. (203) 293-0131.

SAFETY EDUCATION

U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary Flotilla 403, c/o Gary Cordette, 315 Paradise Rd., Swampscott, MA 01907. (978) 282-4580.
United States Power Squadrons, National Boating Safety Hotline for course details in your area is (800) 336-BOAT .

SEA KAYAKING

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938, lists all sea kayaking activities that come to our attention..

SMALL BOAT MESSABOUT SOCIETIES

Baywood Navy, 2nd St. Pier, Baywood Park, CA 93402.
Intermountain Small Boat Whatever (Unorganized), Jim Thayer, Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624, (970) 487-3088.
Midwest Homebuilt Messabouts, Jim Michalak, 118 E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254.
Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society, 4048 Mt. Acadia Blvd., San Diego, CA 92111. (619) 569-5277.

STEAMBOATING

International Steamboat Muster, c/o Jean DeWitt, P.O. Box 40341, Providence, RI 02940. (401) 729-6130.
New England Steamship Foundation, 63 Union St., New Bedford, MA 02740. (508) 999-1925.
New England Wireless & Steam Museum, 1300 Frenchtown Rd., E. Greenwich, RI 02818, (401) 884-1710.
Steamboating, Rt. 1 Box 262, Midlebourne, WV 26149-9748. (304) 386-4434.
Steamship Historical Society of America, 300 Ray Dr., Suite #4, Providence, RI 02906. (401) 274-0805.

TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT

Barnegat Bay TSCA, c/o Tom Johns, 195 Shenandoah Blvd.Toms River, NJ 08753. (908) 270-6786.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109. (206) 382-2628.
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, 18 Riverside Ave., Old Saybrook, CT 06575. (860) 388-2007, (860) 388-2007.
Delaware Valley TSCA, 482 Almond Rd., Pittsgrove, NJ 08318.
Friends of the North Carolina Maritime Museum TSCA, 315 Front St., Beaufort, NC 28516.
Long Island TSCA, c/o Myron Young, Box 635, Laurel, NY 11948. (516) 298-4512.
Oregon TSCA, c/o Robert Young, 16612 Maple Cir., Lake Oswego, OR 97034. (503) 636-7344.
Patuxent Small Craft Guild, c/o Bill Lake, 7520 Russell Ct., St. Leonard, MD 20685
Potomac TSCA, c/o Bob Grove, 419 N. Patrick St., Alexandria, VA 22314. (703) 549-6746 eves.
Puget Sound TSCA, c/o Larry Feeney, 59 Strawberry Pt., Bellingham, WA 98226. (360) 733-4461. email: <larry@cedarcroft-press.com> www: http://www.seanet.com/~jrweiss/tsca-puget
Sacramento TSCA, c/o Mike Fitz, 2831 Mattison Ln., Santa Cruz, CA 95065. (408) 476-2325.
South Jersey TSCA, c/o George Loos, 53 Beaver Dam Rd., Cape May Courthouse, NJ 08210. (609) 861-0018.
Traditional Small Craft Association, P.O. Box 350, Mystic, CT 06355.
Traditional Small Craft Association, c/o Custom House Museum, 25 Water St. Newburyport, MA 01950
Traditional Small Craft & Rowing Association of Maine, c/o Jim Bauman, RR 1 Box 1038, S. China, ME. (207) 445-3004.
Traditional Small Craft Club, P.O. Box 87, N. Billerica, MA 01862. (978) 663-3103.
Tri State TSCA, c/o Ron Gryn, 4 Goldeneye Ct., New Britain, PA 18901. (215) 348-9433.
TSCA of West Michigan, c/o Mark Steffens, 6033 Bonanza Dr., Stevensville, MI 49127. (616) 429-5487.
Upper Chesapeake Baymen TSCA, 3125 Clearview Ave., Baltimore, MD 21234. (410) 254-7957.
Upper Mississippi Small Craft Association, c/o David Christofferson, 267 Goodhue, St. Paul, MN 55102. (612) 222-0261.

TRADITIONAL YACHTING

Friendship Sloop Society, 14 Paulson Dr., Burlington, MA 01803-2820, (617) 272-9658.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
S.S. Crocker Association, 8 Mill Rd., Ipswich, MA 01938. (978) 356-3065.
Wooden Boat Classic Regatta Series, 323 Boston Post Rd., Old Saybrook, CT 06475, (203) 388-6657.

TUGBOATING

Tugboat Enthusiasts Society of the Americas, 308 Quince St., Mt. Pleasant, SC 29464.
World Ship Society, P.O. Box 72, Watertown, MA 02172-0072.

WATER TRAILS

Maine Island Trail Association, P.O. Box C, Rockland, ME 04841. (207) 596-6456.
North American Water Trails, Inc., 24130 NW Johnson Rd., Poulsbo, WA 98370.
Washington Water Trails Association, 4649 Sunnyside Ave. N. Rm. 345, Seattle, WA 98103-6900. (206) 545-9161.

WOODEN BOATS

Association of Wooden Boatbuilders, 31806 NE 15th St., Washougal, WA 98671.
Center for Wooden Boats, 1010 Valley St., Seattle, WA 98109.
Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society, 31538 Center Ridge Rd., Westlake, OH 44145, (216) 871-8194.
Maritime Heritage Alliance, Box 1108, Traverse City, MI 49685. (616) 946-2647.
Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.
The Wooden Boat Foundation, Cupola House, #2 Point Hudson, Port Townsend, WA 98368, (360) 385-3628.
Wooden Canoe Builders' Guild, P.O. Box 247, Carlisle, ON L0R 1H0, Canada, (819) 422-3456.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL ACTIVITY ORGANIZERS

Anyone wishing to present detailed specific information about their events or activities should contact us about advertising. It's inexpensive (as little as $6 per issue to reach 4,500+ subscribers) and you get all the space you wish to buy.

Advertising should appear in an issue at least a month ahead of the date of the event involved. To meet this lead time we need your ad copy two months (60 days) prior to the date of the event. Events and activities advertising will appear in the 1st issue of each month on our "Happenings" pages where readers will be accustomed to looking for it.

By asking you to pay a modest sum for the space you need, we will be able to pay for the added pages that will come to be necessary to provide this service, something we cannot afford to do at no cost.

The National Small Boat Calendar

An on-line database of organizations and events of interest to the nautically-minded.

http://www.by-the-sea.com/events.html

You Write to Us About...

Activities & Adventures...

Just Do It

Some while back I fell in with a fellow recently moved to town from Montana, where he had been in the guide business. When I met him he was just finishing up a stripper canoe. He had become totally enamored of sailboats and bought practically every book *WoodenBoat* sells. But, being a practical sort, he bought a river dory driftboat kit to get back into the fishing business.

One day, with dory well along, he came by here and caught me working on a Nina hull (see cover MAIB Jan. 1, 1985) which I was turning into a little cruising boat. Being a Tahiti Ketch fan, he was instantly smitten and had to have one.

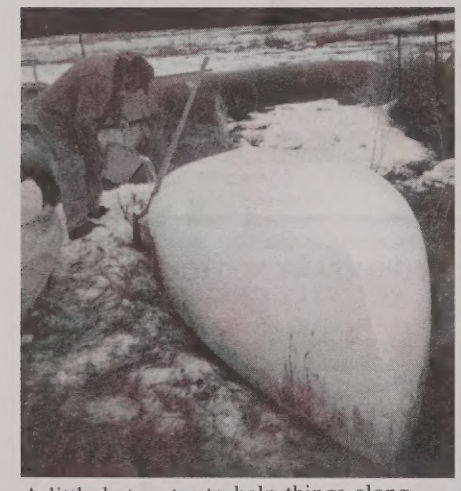
During the years before our final move from Virginia, we had been hauling Nina hulls filled to the gunnels with stuff to Colorado. These collected here and there around the yard and became part of the landscape. It now being midwinter, these were frozen solidly into the earth. With considerable pick and shovel work aided by buckets of hot water one was finally extricated and taken down to LC's shop, where the dory was pushed aside.

A good start was made on the Nina and the dory was getting finished off, but the shop was hard to heat so a lot of long evenings and cloudy days were spent with all those books and the piles of magazines I hauled down there. The talk turned more and more to warm waters, palm trees, and living aboard. Finally he couldn't stand it any more. The dory was finished and set by the side of the road, he gave me back the Nina, and a U-Haul was rented. He was off to Corpus.

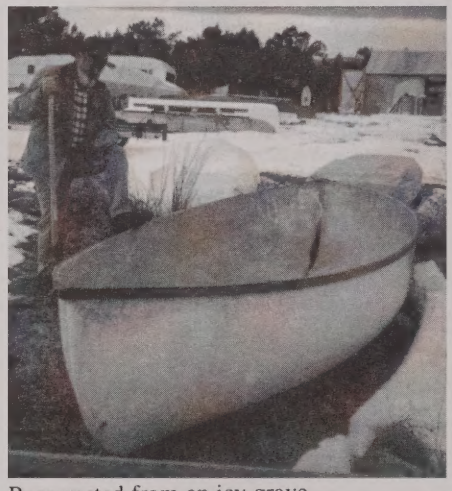
He got a really nice 27 footer with a kinked mast for 4 grand on which he and Deanna are living aboard. He sends pictures of a big boat he is planking up and he has more work than he can handle. He's happy as a clam and, more's the wonder, Deanna likes it too.

It's an inspirational story worthy of *Cruising World*. All you need is some genuine talent and a wife like Deanna.

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO



A little hot water to help things along.



Resurrected from an icy grave.

Fixer-Upper for Life

Pictured at left is my 1938 Ray Hunt Concordia sloop, *Cinderella*, my fixer-upper for life.

Will Cummer, Wakefield, RI

Launch Ramp Embarrassment

If you have ever caused a delay at a launch ramp and felt foolish and frustrated, then enjoy this one:

Tom (his real name), came running into his house. He was red faced, sweating and panting. He yelled at his wife for another set of car keys. He ran around the house looking for keys, a coat hanger and his wife. His son thought mom was visiting grandma. Son was instructed to find his mother and tell her to get to the ramp, help find a coat hanger and to drive dad to the ramp.

It seems Tom was pulling the boat out of the water. With the trailer half out, Tom got out of the van to winch the boat the rest of the way. The door slammed shut locking the van with the keys inside. The van was running and had the lights on. Fortunately for the slightly out of shape Tom, the ramp was only a half-mile from his house. Of course there was another boat waiting in the water to be pulled out at this one slot ramp.

Son drove dad to the ramp managing not to laugh and wife arrived at the ramp with the spare keys and no questions.

This was not a family first. Earlier that year Tom had used the boat sans drain plug.

Jerry Gibbs, Grand Haven, MI

***Sterenn* Sails**

Readers may recall that we met Bruno de la Monneroye at the 1996 Brest Sail Festival. He heads a group building a Beetle whaleboat, a design chosen because New Bedford whalers were once based in his area of Brittany. This spring we got an invitation to the launching and he now sends the following report .

"We had the last days a good motive for testing the boat and tacking the sails in the meeting Aber Benoit Mon Amour 15 miles north of Brest. Now is the reward, not only after 3 years of steadfast cares, but overall on the accuracy of selecting our boatplan in the best tradition of New Bedford boatbuilders.

All words and dreams flies, as the seawater is running with only one wave from the bow to the stern, one inch below the leewale. Few boats were staying forward in the 4/5 SW breeze. Fortunately my son Pierre was steering, just signed off from a tanker in Texas City, and we had a quite good crew acting together.

The ***Sterenn*** is registered for the Brest 2000 nautical meeting. Anyway, her life is here, with the boys around. She is not now an exhibit actress, and we have a lot to drill with oars and reefing in.

Many greetings & signal colours to you, family and friends, Bruno"

Jim Thayer, Collbran, CO

Opinion...

About "Versatility"

I enjoyed reading Jim Delcamp's two part "Versatility" article (August 15 & September 1 issues). His criteria are pretty tough but Part 2 shows a well thought out plan. Here are some of my thoughts on the subject:

I'd rather a double ender, she'll sail better not dragging around all that water and she'll power superbly in full displacement mode with all that waterline length. She'll also try to climb out of the water in semi-displacement mode, even if double ended (see "Retriever" next to Part 1). My 8.5 ton 35' auxiliary sailboat does an easy 6 knots with 30hp at 1 gallon per hour.

Also a double ender gets rid of the wheel, cables, pulleys, etc. Go with an outboard, shippable rudder with tiller, the simplest thing afloat. Put a smallish 4-stroke outboard in a well just forward (sail drive?).

With cockpit aft, use the time honored (NGH, LFH, etc.) two bunks forward, then head to port, Pullman galley to starboard with hatch/skylight/pop top above for comfort at anchor, then two bunks aft, then cockpit.

The rig I cannot comment on, zero experience with lugs, except to say that it isn't easy to tabernacle any spar without the attendant rigging that you don't want. For kicks I'd like to see you try a loose footed sliding gunter cat schooner rig, not much rigging and easily unstepped stubby masts.

Centerboard cases leak and would really screw up your interior. Leeboards are ugly. How about twin dagger boards molded into the outside of the hull keeping chine/frame integrity?

Dick Fish, Weymouth, MA

Projects...

Planning a Launch

I have built three boats so far, two Freeman Baker paddle boats shown in the magazine's coverage of past No-Octane regattas and a Rangeley Lake boat which receives much use. I am planning to build a launch soon and am looking for some early power, four-stroke preferred.

I read the occasional letters offering advice for improvements to the magazine and think these folks should "row a mile in your boat", but it is nice of you to print everyone's opinions. The one improvement I would like to see is beyond your control, more stuff for sale in the classifieds. But as the ads are free, how can you increase this?

Gunnar Seigh, Staatsburg, NY

This Magazine...

Smile on My Face

End of summer...checkbook doesn't balance...rain for our vacation...car will not run...but, *Messing About in Boats* shows in the mail. Smile on my face.

Allen Spiro, Beacon, NY

Ware Creek 6 Meter Afloat

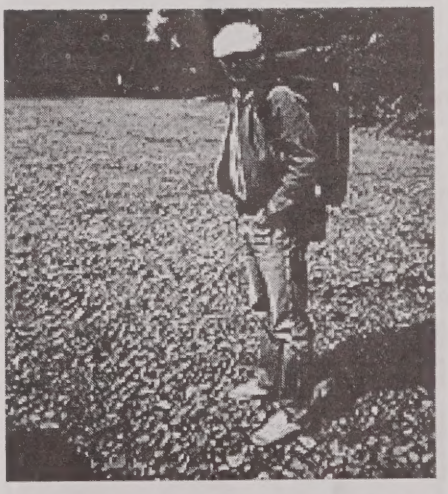
Here is a photo of my Ware Creek 20 (actually the Ware Creek 6 Meter) *Orion* mentioned, and shown on the building form, in my earlier article on windsurfer rigs. She was finally launched in early July and now has a couple of hundred miles under her centerboard. I have also spent four nights onboard.

Bob Austin, 4557 Ware Creek Rd., Williamsburg, VA 23188.

Latest PakBoat

Here are photos of my latest PakBoat, taken at the Wheatfield Ferry on the Willamette River. This latest version is 12' long and the whole rig weighs under 30 pounds.

Jim Heter, 20950 S.W. Rock Creek Rd., Sheridan, OR 97378



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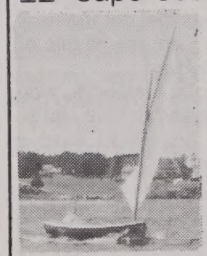

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Closing on the Eastern Shore of Tampa Bay, Sandy Point.

Whisper Explores Her Own Neighborhood

By Ron Hoddinott

The first week in June, *Whisper* and I had planned a trip to the Florida Keys. My sailing buddy, Bob Wood, was in Maine starting a house on Penobscot Bay, and I had only a week or so before a planned family camping trip to Colorado. The trip from the Tampa Bay Area would take about eight hours by road. I planned to explore Florida Bay from Marathon to Cape Sable, including some of Everglades National Park's offshore islands. Unfortunately, this trip was a washout, due to a rain system that moved over Cuba and then sat on south Florida for three days. It was an interesting drive, but *Whisper* never left the trailer.

Ankle deep lunch stop, Sandy Point, Tampa Bay.

Needless to say, I was disgusted with the whole weather pattern thing, but I was determined not to let this event totally ruin my one chance for a solo cruise. So, after drying off on Tuesday, I decided to make a grand tour of Tampa Bay for the next few days. The weather promised to return to a more normal summer pattern of warm days and stormy afternoons and evenings.

The eastern shore of Tampa Bay was a mystery to me except what I had heard from rumors and what I could deduce from the charts. East of the main shipping channel one can go for a mile or half-mile before running into water too shoal for most vessels. That is ideal sailing water for a Sea Pearl that goes to windward in a foot of water and sails downwind with leeboards raised in 6" or less!

Because most of the shoreline is shallow and fringed with mangrove trees, there has been little or no development. There are coves and bayous with names like Cockroach Bay, Bishops Harbor, and Whiskey Key, where only the local fishing guides know the twisting winding channels that lead through the mangrove islands and sand flats that dot the back country at low tide. These are the haunts of the flats boats and the Sea Pearl.

Taking a hint from John Steinbeck, who carried a rack full of guns and fishing equipment with him so that he would have a "quickly recognizable purpose" for being in the back country when he traveled across America in 1960, I took along my spinning rod and reel and an assortment of colorful lures. Whenever I stopped for a while, I proudly displayed the fishing rod and occasionally made a few purposeful looking casts into the shallow waters near the mangroves where snook are found. Although I'd get some strange looks as I sailed past wading fishermen, I always got the approving wave when the fishing rod was displayed.

My first day, Wednesday, was an easy one. I put in at the ramp behind the Banana Boat Bar on Gandy Bridge. While launching, an older sailor who lives on a double-ender at the marina came by to admire *Whisper*. We talked as I put things in order and got underway. I got the outboard going and powered into an east wind to get out into Tampa Bay. The Gandy Channel is narrow and at points fringed with rocks, but it was high tide and *Whisper* slipped over the shoals heading toward Weedon Island State Park to the south.

My first port of call was to be my mother's house on her canal in northeast St. Petersburg. I sailed down to Bayou Grande, then sailed with a free wind, ignoring the channel markers to the astonishment of nearby boaters, into Riviera Bay. There I had to heave to, roll the sails up, and lower the masts to make it under the 83rd Street Bridge. It was a short run to my mother's, where I tied up to her dock, had a swim, went out to dinner, and slept in a soft bed in an air conditioned house. Tough assignment.

Thursday dawned with a south wind about 10 knots, a perfect breeze to close reach across the bay to the east side. After retracing my steps of the previous evening, I made sail for Bahia Beach on the opposite shore of Tampa Bay. Because *Whisper* was heavily loaded with supplies, I declined to take on water ballast. The wind was warm, the sky was speckled with fair weather cumulus clouds, and occasionally a fine mist of spray would come aboard over the starboard bow, altogether a fine day to be sailing. We made good time across the bay and were south of Bahia Beach before noon. I headed for a sandy shoreline that marked the southwest entrance to the Little Manatee River. No one else was in sight as I beached *Whisper* and stepped out to stretch my legs.

Checking the chart revealed that the beach was called Sandy Point, and a channel on the other side led to Whiskey Key and the Little Manatee River. It was a delightful spot and would make a great overnight campsite for another time. I decided that I would make the best time possible getting south, as the wind on the next day was predicted to be somewhat stronger, which would make beating to windward more difficult and certainly somewhat wetter. I made several short legs out to the shipping channel and then longer ones towards the south. My destination for the day was to be Bishop Harbor, a beautiful, undeveloped bayou a few miles north of the Skyway Bridge.

An hour or so later I closed with the shore again at the entrance to Cockroach Bay at Snake Key. The chart shows a slight elevated area called Big Cockroach Mound, and as I came in close I could see a raised area covered with trees. Most real Indian mounds do have trees growing on them. In fact, it's one way to determine if it's a real mound or just a hill caused by modern developers or canal dredges. If it has been there long enough for large trees to grow, it's old enough to be a real Indian mound. Getting closer, I could read some signs near the entrance that specified that boats with internal combustion engines could go no further. Someone was attempting to limit the damage to the fragile estuary.

The wind was getting lighter and the tide was beginning to turn against me as I made my way down the east side of the bay. Finally, with only a mile or so to go and wanting to reach Bishops Harbor in time to explore, make dinner, and settle in for the night, I started the engine and motored south. Port Manatee, a phosphate loading port, was dead ahead as was a large spoil island that was separated from the mainland by some very shallow water. If I could make it through there, I could save a half mile or so off the distance to Bishop Harbor. I pulled the boards up, raised the rudder a bit, and only hit bottom once, but made it through to the narrow entrance to the harbor.

My GPS told me I was there, but there was no marker to verify it, so I started looking for a pattern of deep and shoal water that matched the chart, along with an opening in the mangroves that looked right. Finally I was convinced that I was indeed in Bishop Harbor. Completely surrounded by small mangrove islands, white ibis, in mating pairs with their gently curving beaks and bold black stripes across their wings, made their way across the lagoon to their evening roost. Mullet jumping and snook smacking the water as they found dinner under the mangrove roots made me look for a quiet place to drop the hook for the night.

I nestled in between two islands and dropped anchor in three feet of water. It was 4:33 PM. Thunderstorms to the southwest appeared to be blowing off to the east. I rested awhile, drank a beer, and later got out my butane cook stove and cooked a steak dinner with butter noodles from a package. My plastic fork broke while I was eating and I had only packed one, so I'm going to have to switch to metal in the future. After cleaning up the dishes, washing up in the solar shower, and putting up the canvas cabin, I listened to NPR on the radio, read a mystery novel, and enjoyed a quiet evening. There was a gentle breeze coming through the forward screen of the cabin and, with just a sheet covering me, I fell asleep sometime around midnight with the sound of tree frogs and mullet jumping in the shallows.

The next morning, Friday, I awoke aware that the wind had increased. After a breakfast of a fried egg, toast, and coffee, I opened the valves in the ballast tanks and took on 450 pounds of liquid ballast. My plan was to head toward the Skyway Bridge and then run east along the other side of the bridge to Miguel Bay and Terra Ceia Bay for the day. Leaving Bishop Harbor at 8:00 AM, we headed west toward the Skyway Bridge. I had only one turn of reef in the main, and it was obviously not enough. The bay started to demonstrate what shallow water and strong wind can do to a light open sailing vessel. I was taking green water over the bow every other wave. I could have reefed the main some more, and perhaps the mizzen as well, but I began to explore other options.

My resolve to sail under the Skyway wasn't as strong as I thought it was, and I began to wonder how much fun it would be to be on a broad reach with this wind. Finally, after about a half-hour and two miles made good to windward, I eased the sheets and turned *Whisper*'s bows towards Point Pinellas on the opposite shore of Tampa Bay. This put us on a broad reach with the wind over the port quarter. By now we were experiencing gusts of over 20 knots, and *Whisper* began to pick up speed. My GPS was registering a speed of over seven knots most of the time, with a occasional burst into the mid eights. It takes a lot of courage to glance down at your GPS while surfing on a steep wave threatening to broach your boat and toss you into the shipping channel.

Actually, *Whisper* was handling the conditions quite well. I began to pick up channel markers near Point Pinellas. I could hardly believe we'd made it across the bay so fast. I decided that a stop at Big Bayou would be prudent as the thunderstorms were building up in the west. Slipping over the shoals at the entrance to the bayou and sailing into the tiny hurricane hole that John Komp used to use to teach canoeing and water safety to Red Cross students, I found a place on the beach to land. It was only 10:00 AM.

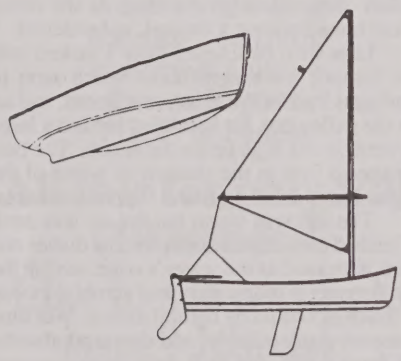
I put up the canvas cabin to wait out one thunderstorm, had lunch, and read some more of *Sanibel Flats* by Randy Wayne White. After the storm, it appeared that the sky to the west was clearing, and I was getting restless again. I considered my options, and thought about sailing across the bay to Bahia Beach for the night. I had plenty of time. At the speed I had been sailing, I could be over there in a few hours, spend a pleasant night at the Bahia Beach Resort, and return to Riviera Bay in the morning. I finally convinced myself that it was a good idea and set sail for the opposite shore. It turned out to be a poor decision.

Shortly after leaving the bayou, I was overtaken by a sudden squall. Rain started to fall and the winds increased to almost 40 knots. I was not reefed down and began to surf to the east at increasingly dangerous speeds. The boat surged past 8.8 knots on the GPS. I decided another change of plans was in order. By this time the deluge had also increased until I could see only 50 feet in any direction. I turned toward the north, putting the wind on my port side in an effort to stay near the windward side of the bay. After a dangerous roll to windward almost taking water over the rail, I had had enough thrills for one day. I lashed the helm down, crept forward, and rolled up the main around its mast. Returning to the cockpit, I reefed the mizzen until there was almost nothing showing. Then I waited out the storm, bailing the cockpit constantly, and doing my best to keep the topsides up. *Whisper* did as she is supposed to do in these conditions. She was riding the seas like a downed seagull in a gale. We were hove to on the port tack. After raising the starboard leeboard the rolling seemed to lessen. We'd be shoved to leeward more, but didn't seem in danger of rolling over. As with most swiftly moving summer thunderstorms, this one passed fairly quickly. Gradually the rain let up, and I was able to see where I was and what was around me. I was about a mile-and-a-half off the St. Petersburg Pier. I could only wonder what people had thought when they saw the squall overtake my little vessel an hour before. I started the engine and made my way back to Big Bayou like a chastised child to dry everything out.

After getting everything back in order and somewhat dry, the sky really did start to look more settled and the breeze was down to under 10 knots out of the southwest. I considered staying right where I was for the night, or just packing it up and sailing back to my mother's house for the evening. I figured I could make it in a few hours with the wind out of the southwest. I weighed the alternatives and set sail for Riviera Bay. It was indeed a pleasant sail. It's amazing how a few hours can make all the difference in sailing conditions. Once in Riviera Bay, I dropped the masts and motored on in. After a pleasant night ashore, I took *Whisper* out of the water and took her home. I had covered over 40 nautical miles in two-and-a-half days of sailing, had explored the eastern shore, ridden out a thunderstorm with 40-knot winds, and enjoyed the natural beauty of an area in what is essentially my own neighborhood.

Whisper at rest, hurricane hole, Big Bayou.

KITTERY POINT TENDER



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II.
Upwind Cruise

By Ross Miller

I was ready to cruise. I had completed an overnight shakedown cruise, as loaded down as I would need to be for a week's travel in a 12' sailboat, and had braved weekend wakes and many of the other horrors Long Island Sound can present. I was ready to cover some distance.

I left the Barn Island launch in Stonington at 1600 Monday afternoon and made my way to Ram Island, off Mystic, by evening. I had no particular destination except to work my way west, upwind, until it was time to turn around and head back. The prevailing winds being westerly, I hoped to return upon their good graces.

I anchored in the lee of Ram Island, but not in the little cove as many do. It is a privately owned island, and although they don't own the water or the bottom, I didn't want their traffic spoiling my anchorage any more than they might have wanted me camping in their front yard, so I anchored off the rock and scrub of the north spit of the island and watched the sun set and then the full moon rise over Block Island. The stars shone well despite the moon, and before I turned in a minor cold front blew by, a squadron of altocumulus high above, racing on to business elsewhere, and then the sky was clear. I rested there at anchor watching the iridescent sky, the lighthouses flashing, and the lights of the boats crossing Fisher's Island Sound.

At dawn the sun rose and the moon set where last evening each other had been, and there was a wind from the northwest, so I stuffed my sleeping bag and set sail at once. I reached out of the Noank channel and hardened up around Groton Long Point and was off to the west. I was well off Bluff Point and Pine Island and the wind was picking up. It reached its peak off the mouth of the Thames, with a short, sharp chop from the incoming tide and outgoing wind. Loaded down, *Dandelion* drove through the chop as she never could have done on a daysail, unburdened.

Less than two hours later I tacked into the Strand, the magnificent beach next to Harkness Park in Waterford, anchored, and set up the galley box for breakfast behind a large silver drift log high up on the beach. The butter stayed firm in the shadow of a root of the log as I scrambled eggs and flipped pancakes.

The sun was warm but the air was cool. I finished breakfast and washed the dishes and pans with sand at the water's edge, saving the Dr. Bronner's soap until I had scrubbed away as much as I could by natural means. Wet sand removes gunk quickly, and dry sand absorbs oil from a pan just as it does from a garage floor. I finished the dishes with Dr. Bronner's, rinsed, and set them to dry along a pebbled stretch of the beach. I then waded a length of shore, patrolling for jellyfish, and swam that length back to the boat, having washed my face with the aforementioned soap and rinsing as I swam.

As I came out of the water and put my glasses back on I recognized the figure walking toward me down the beach: Big Pete with dreadlocks longer than ever and a gaff for a walking stick. "Don't gaff me," I pleaded as he approached. We shook hands, not having seen each other in a while, then caught up on our crosscurrents. We agreed that it had been a fine summer weatherwise, now that it had rained, and I inquired about how Dorothy's kayak, the first boat I had built, had come to have been slightly crushed beneath some falling object on his porch. Gusty wind, we concluded, was at fault.

Pete parked his gaff in the sand and went for a swim as I packed up my dishes and pans and prepared to weigh anchor. The northwest wind had subsided as I was breakfasting, and the southwest was coming up as I was heading out. I tacked through Two Trees Channel and fell off to the north of Two Trees Island, standing up and vigilant as I crossed roiling water over rocks charted at three or four feet. I saw only one of them beneath me, lifelike and threatening through the distorted water.

An easy tack across Niantic Bay left me in sight of what I had seen from shore but had never crossed in a boat, the current and chop off Black Point. My best course left me almost a half-mile shy of clearing the point, so I tacked, and tacked back again. I was getting nowhere, so I headed closer to the point hoping for a favorable back eddy or at least some respite from the current. A larger sailboat, which had also been making no progress, noticed my strategy and followed, apparently making a race of it judging from her skipper's frequent looks back at us and continuous adjustment of sail. We were defeated easily, as her thirty feet and ballast carried way through the slop far better than did our twelve and baggage.

But we rounded the point, which was our objective, and pointed as miserably high as we could as the big boat slunk off on a victorious reach toward the next safe anchorage. The chop was indeed fierce, as it had appeared from land, but it was nothing to *Dandelion* 's high bow and wide rubrail. We were soon out of it and across the bight, clear of the reef named Blackboys and well off the islands called North and South Brother.

We drew up short of Hatchett Point just as we had at Black Point, but there was less current here and the tide had slackened. A few short tacks brought us clear, and the wind lessened as the shoreline assumed a more east-west attitude, allowing longer tacks alongshore and an opportunity for anthropological observations along the once fabled Soundview district. Nothing of note. Instead, I compared shoreline features with chart representations and notations.

It then occurred to me that I had slowed to trolling speed, so I broke out the rod and perched it in the sternsheets. I am new to fishing but I was close to shore at low tide, the water seemed shallow from the murky, sandy color, and there were other boats anchored and drifting nearby, all fishing. Not long afterward the reel screamed and I hove to, backing the jib and easing the tiller gently to leeward, wrapping it thrice with the fully extended mainsheet and securing it there on the aft mooring cleat. I reeled my fish in, a fine striped bass, but spanning my 9" hand along it three times I came up short, less than legal, and I put it back.

Five minutes later I was struck again, this time with more vehemence. I hove to once more, prepared for battle and hungry for dinner. Except for one more brief burst, the fish reeled in like a gob of seaweed. It was smaller striper and was hooked through the forward part of its starboard eye socket. I was prepared to kill for dinner, but this was getting gruesome. I freed it as gently as I could given the nature of a barbed hook, and played out the lure once more with some trepidation. I was struck again, and this time hauled in a small bluefish.

As I drew it in toward the side of the boat, I thought about the account I had read that had described this species as "the most efficient killing machine in the animal kingdom," and I remembered the fearsome, sharp-toothed bluefish jaw on my kitchen windowsill. Thinking of my bare toes in an open boat, I lifted it from the water and looked at its mouth. "Babycorn," I thought, and tossed the fish up by the centerboard and pinned it with the galley box until it expired. I was busy and didn't look around, but I would like to think that the folks in those motorboats saw my success and wondered how it could happen without fossil fuels.

With a dead fish aboard not far from where I would be sleeping and fresh bilgewater seeping in through the centerboard lever, it was time to find an anchorage and cook dinner. Griswold Point, at the mouth of the Connecticut River, was the logical spot. I remembered that two years earlier an old shipwreck had emerged from the sands here, and a local archeologist had tried to find the funding to study it, to no avail. It could not be identified and thus could not be verified as "of historical interest." It was subsequently washed away without a trace in another storm.

I anchored in very shallow water and explored the remaining detritus on the beach, a remarkable collection of drift logs and other buoyant organic refuse, the weathered products of spring floods in Vermont. I took surreal photographs of a silver log in the late angled light, and then sailed and pushed and towed the boat by hand through and over the shoals, around Griswold Point, and into the river behind it. There are two rivers there, the Blackhall and the Back, that flow into the Connecticut near its mouth, and I poked my nose up both as the mud banks grew by the minute even as the tide was changing.

I thought about dawn and two changes of the tide, and decided to tack back out to some spot near the mouth, to facilitate my exit in the morning. Just as I returned to a little beach I had noticed on the way in, the day-trippers in the motorboat who had occupied it doused their fire and departed, and I aimed my short tacks in that direction. Their motor died in midstream, and watching them with an eye toward their safety, I sailed toward their vacated spot, trying not to be too smug about the advantages of sail and oar.

I anchored in the mud and set up the galley box on the small beach as the late August sun hurried down. On a large drift log I scaled the bluefish then slit and gutted it, trying to remember what I had read a long time ago. I should have retained the tail to hold it by as I filleted it, but it came out well nonetheless, and after chasing an ambitious seagull off, I sizzled it up in butter on the camp stove.

Dinner done, I brought the kitchen back to the boat and settled in for a little jazz and cocktails and reading. I pushed the button for the NWS weather and learned that the chance

of rain for tomorrow had turned into the certainty of a gale force storm by evening. Here I was in a tiny boat 25 miles from my home port and trailer. Calculating the tide, I realized that I had to be up and out of the river at first light unless I wanted to drag the boat out of there by its painter, wading waist high or more in muck and incoming current.

I awoke at 3:00, judging from the moon, and considered heading out then, but whether it was cowardice, caution, or indolence, I went back to sleep. The mental alarm clock came through at dawn, and we were sitting firmly on mud. I sat up, groggily alert, stashed my soggy sleeping bag, retrieved the anchors, stowed the smelly fish dishes as best I could, raised the sails against a slight northwest breeze, rocked the boat end for end out of the mud and beat the tide around Griswold Point.

The northwest wind held as I reached along the Lyme shore listening to Morning Edition, the best reception being from Amherst, of all places. If mathematics will allow a line to disappear slowly, the Saybrook breakwater did just that as I tried to keep the horizon level in my viewfinder and the camera steady in the dim morning light. As day came on the wind died and I broke out the oars. That worked for a while, until the tidal current was flowing against me faster than I could row. I know when to take a break, so I headed for a likely-looking beach.

The sign said it was the Hatchett Point Nature Preserve and don't step on the baby birds. It was another magnet for large logs from the north, and featured a sizable pink outcropping of what is probably feldspar, laced with white quartz crystals and vertical sheaves of black mica. I took a few photos in the "cloudy bright" light as I waited for the tide to turn, and made a note to come back when the light was more conducive to color. I walked back to the boat, waded aboard, and wondered what to do. I would have washed the dishes except that there was a brown tide of algae and I wondered how clean my dishes would get and if I would want to eat off them under the circumstances.

Also, I was becoming concerned. I was not too far along toward home and there was a premature autumn storm poised to disrupt our late August tranquillity. So rather than fret I decided to develop a plan. I looked at the chart, and much to my immediate relief I saw that if the wind didn't come up I could row around the point when the current slackened and be not much more than a mile from the Four Mile River launch, a walk and a phone call away from a ride to my car and trailer. After that, I could bail out at Pleasure Beach, Bluff Point, or Mystic. At worst, if I were caught by the weather, I could haul my small boat up on someone's lawn and beg for mercy and one phone call.

I breakfasted lightly, hoping to avoid the urge for privacy. There were houses nearby, and I didn't feel like putting up the boom tent and taking it right down again. I watched the water level crawl up the beach and anchored farther out, waiting for the boat to go slack on the line, but before it did the wind came up from the southeast, just as predicted. I would be tacking back, no tailwind here, but it was certainly better than no wind.

The current was going my way by the time I reached Black Point. I headed right into the rough water, a nutshell riding the rapids. By now the sky was solid, gray, and low and the wind was picking up. On a long tack away from Black Point, with Long Island looking more and more accessible, it occurred to me that I was definitely not daysailing. Twenty miles upwind of home, storm coming, long, chilly tacks, a true hours-of-boredom-for-moments-of-terror situation. I was indeed cruising.

The tacks were straight offshore, then nearly parallel to it. I short-tacked back again through Two Trees Channel and then tacked out a couple miles, even with the southern end of Bartlett Reef. Out there the current was at full gallop, sweeping me along like a river in spring. As I crossed the outer end of the Thames River channel, I was having trouble keeping my eyes open, perhaps because I am not used to getting up at dawn. I was not too worried, though, knowing that if I nodded, the boat would round up, everything a-flapping, and wake me right up.

The feeling passed, and I might well have made it to Stonington on that one tack from off Waterford had it not been for a 30-degree wind shift off Mumford Cove. A tack out to North Dumpling fixed that, and I checked the chart for a course homeward. It was at this point that the charts completed their gradual metamorphosis from a cohesive booklet into a pile of soggy quarter-pages, needing to be pieced together and held in the wind to be used at all.

It was just starting to spit rain as I discerned the water tower (probably in Westerly but not on the chart) that leads me to the Little Narraganset Bay channel from the west. I was at last allowed to fall off into a reach as I headed in toward Sandy Point. I had made it. I had beaten the storm into port.

As I rounded the corner I was shocked to see more of Sandy Point than I had ever seen. The tide was so low that it was as if someone had pulled the island's trousers down. There was only one boat, a lifeboat-hulled pilothouse motor launch, and it was high and dry on the beach. There was only one family playing and pacing on the sand bar. It was going to be a long wait. It was good they had the pilothouse, because I doubt they were afloat until after dark and after the storm had begun to whip up and rain.

I rounded up to a nearly empty launch area. It was 7:00 PM on the car clock as I prepared to haul her out. It had been 13 hours since I had left the mouth of the Connecticut, 11 of them underway. It had been a long day, but that was what I had been looking for. It began raining in earnest as I strapped *Dandelion* to the trailer, and as I removed the cork I noted with satisfaction that she would be clean by the time I got home.

I stopped for a pizza to take home with me, and as I waited for it, and the wind and rain increased, I was afraid that there might be anxiety on the home front. I was glad to find out I was wrong, although the cat didn't seem to remember me.

"I knew that if you didn't make it back you'd find a safe place to hole up."

"I would have called you for a ride."

I and my boat were safe at home on the farm, and by morning many of the boats I had passed in the last three days had been tossed up on rocks, beaches, and lawns by a storm of the intensity one expects in October. Counting both mobility and security, I'll take a trailer over a mooring any day for a small boat. This cruise had demonstrated the advantages.

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The Lesson

By John Gignilliat

Nighttime temperatures in the 30's and 40's, then a 60% chance of rain was the forecast for the next two days. These were the two days Matt, my friend from Raleigh, was coming for a sailing lesson. Forty and sixty added up to one hundred percent, so we dressed for wet, cold weather.

We launched *White Cap*, my Sea Pearl 21, on the Roanoke River at a well maintained Fish and Game ramp. As we prepared the boat for launching, I gave my friend his first lesson.

"Always look up and around for power lines," I warned. "Always look up," I reiterated with added emphasis.

A rain-swollen current and a light breeze hurried us out to the open water of the Albemarle Sound. I turned the tiller over to Matt and began teaching him the principles of sailing close to the wind. Once he grasped the concept, I let him learn by trial and error. He was a natural and soon had *White Cap* sailing nicely upwind in the five to ten knot breeze.

I commented to Matt, "The Albemarle is a body of water that strikes fear in the hearts of many sailors, but today it is no more than a puppy dog." These were words I was soon to regret. Just about then the wind went light and fluky. I took the tiller from Matt and tried to sort out the wind direction. Black, sinister looking down drafts began to form on the water only feet from *White Cap*. They would rattle and shake the sails, then disappear before I could make adjustments. Sudden gusts from all directions would slam at the boat, heeling us over abruptly. The spooky wind finally began to fill in from one direction with gusts and fits. I felt the Albemarle was teaching me not to refer to it as a "puppy dog!"

I reefed several times before the wind steadied out and began blowing down the Chowan River, exactly where we wanted to go. I let Matt continue to sail, teaching him how to feather up into the heavier gusts. I stressed the importance of keeping the mainsheet clear and in hand while sailing in gusting weather. I drilled him on the vocabulary of sailing: trim in, ease out, point up, fall off, port tack, starboard tack, beating, reaching, running, luff-leach-foot, tack-clew-peak, and so on. It made me think of a friend's wife who had a tee shirt printed with big letters, "I DON'T TALK BOAT!"

We were approaching the two-mile-long causeway and swing bridge that formed the demarcation between the Chowan River and the Albemarle Sound. I gave the bridge tender a call on our handheld VHF and requested an opening when we got close. "Close" is a relative term, as I saw the traffic gates swinging shut while we were still 20 minutes from the bridge. I took another tack and called the bridge tender back. She answered, "Captain, you're going the wrong way. Just bring her on through." I explained that we had no engine and had to tack to get up to the bridge. My friend was duly impressed that a tiny open boat could stop traffic on US Highway 17 not only once, but twice.

We took long two-mile tacks back and forth across the Chowan River, enjoying the beauty of its undeveloped shoreline. As the sun got lower, the temperature began to drop. We took one last tack to the west side of the river, then I let Matt enjoy a reach back across. We headed for Rockyhock Creek, where we planned to anchor for the night. Like most creeks in the tidewater, Rockyhock was a small bay before turning into a creek. The tiny bay was split by an island. We rowed by stately cypress like big hipped women standing waist deep in water while holding shawls of Spanish moss.

We approached a small bridge, debating whether we could get underneath if we took our masts down. Matt let out a shout as a black cormorant flew by. "Did you see that!" he exclaimed. The bird had done the limbo, doing a half-flip in mid flight, going belly-up under a wire, and then flipping back again. He had performed this spectacular maneuver to avoid a power line by the bridge. We both quickly realized the very same power line was perilously close to our mast! "Always look up," I repeated to Matt, and to myself.

The next morning we awoke to find ice on the deck. Sea smoke was rising from the still water, giving it an other-world appearance. After a leisurely breakfast we sailed back through the bridge. Taking a slight detour, we tacked into Edenton Bay towards the town of historic Edenton. After *White Cap* was secured at the town bulkhead, we warmed up in an historic home that served as the visitors' center. We took a walking tour of this charming town, ending up at the Waterman's Cafe for lunch.

By mid afternoon, it was time to head back. We had been lucky to have had no rain yet, but the cloud cover was thickening. We reached out of Edenton Bay and into the Albemarle Sound, where Matt took the tiller again. I ran him through a series of drills, trim in and point up, come about, ease off end fall off, wing on wing port tack, jibbing, wing on wing starboard tack, around we went in circles. I especially stressed the danger of running before the wind. It is a seductive angle of sailing that seems slow, safe, and sedate, yet more sailors have been killed and maimed on this angle of sailing than any other. Only last summer a friend was knocked overboard by an uncontrolled jibe in a boat not much bigger than *White Cap*. Tragically, he drowned before his crew could get him back aboard.

"Be extra careful sailing downwind," I cautioned, "and mind the jibes!"

The wind was steadily increasing from the east. I had Matt head towards the Roanoke River on a rollicking broad reach that had us surfing down the face of waves. The wind kept increasing, so I took over and hove to. A couple of quick reefs and we were on our way again. I put us on a run for the final mile back to the river opening. I was glad I had taken special care to look back the previous day and check landmarks. I would hate to miss the river and have to beat back into wind and seas.

The Albemarle Sound is like a giant 40-mile funnel, narrowing and ending right where we were sailing. The rising wind was coming right down the pipe and, with 40 miles of fetch, the seas were beginning to build.

We were surfing down numerous waves, and I heard Matt gasp as he was looking backwards, "WOW! That one was two feet over your head!"

This was roughest weather to date in which I had sailed *White Cap*. I was very impressed at how well the Sea Pearl handled the seas, splitting them with a minimum of fuss with her almost double-ended stern.

Within minutes we were spit out of the sound and into the Roanoke River. The change was dramatic, from wild, white-capping seas and howling winds, we were in flat calm water and a light breeze. The wind was just enough to overcome the current and free us from rowing. The sun was setting and we reached the ramp after dark.

The first rain drops of the two-day outing splattered on the windshield as we headed home. In three short sentences, I recapped and condensed my sailing lesson for Matt: "MIND THE MAINSHEET, WATCH FOR THE JIBE, and most important, ALWAYS LOOK UP!"

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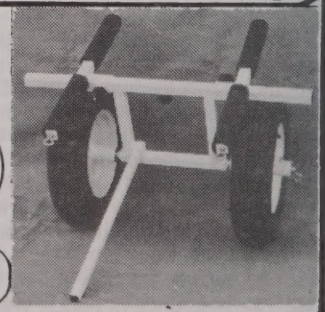

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Better Than Disney

By Smiljka Fitzgerald

I was asked about a month ago by a fellow writer to give my opinion on how to develop an interest for sailing among kids. Since we do not have children, I did not have much to say at the time. However, my sister, who lives close by, has three kids. So one day I suggested to my husband that we take the kids sailing on our 12' Pelican. We decided to take Karina, her 9-year-old girl, and Michael, her 7-year-old boy.

My husband, a sailor by nature, did not think much of it. He assumed that everybody must love sailing. I, however, knew that this would be a new experience for the kids and that, depending on how it went, it would definitely influence their future attitudes toward sailing. I have to admit that I was a little nervous over the responsibility. Will they get seasick? Will they start crying for home in the middle of the ocean?

I decided to try and transfer a feeling of security and enjoyment and not let them sense my anxiety.

A prerequisite for a successful first sailing experience was the right weather. When we awoke one day to a really nice sailing day, I decided to call up the kids. I overheard their screams of joy when their mother extended our invitation over the phone. As it turned out, they had just had to cancel a trip to watch Disney on Ice (in the tropics!) since their car broke down. My call definitely came at the right moment, but would we be able to compensate for the show?

When we picked them up they were fully equipped, fishing rods, their "lucky" hats, a backpack with sandwiches and drinks, even Michael's inseparable stuffed Mr. Froggy.

At the dock Michael, still the baby, jumped right in. Karina, more aware, asked for instructions and offered help. They showed no fear, only anxiousness to get going. I tried to warn them about the boom, told them where to sit, etc. Of course, both were automatically attracted to the bow. As we were sailing out the narrow marina channel, they were first peering at the bottom, then looking up the mast. Michael asked if he could jump off the mast. To feel more secure myself, I took the tiller and surprisingly sailed us out perfectly.

My husband had suggested to bring a few beers, but I firmly refused. Not with kids on board! Then the question of life vests came up. I made them wear their life vests against their wishes and against my husband's view that the weather was so good that life vests were not necessary. I had to explain that the police could stop us and fine us. That settled the problem.

As we were sailing out, I tried to teach them about finding the direction of the wind. Who can tell best? What do we look for? The waves, the flags, the trees? Karina was all absorbed. Standing on the bow, she easily pointed to the wind. Michael showed less interest. Having just seen Titanic, he was yelling "iceberg ahead, abandon ship" in the middle of the Caribbean. Initially we had expected the boy to show more interest than the girl, but it turned out that Karina was actually the promising future sailor. She had a sharp sea eye. She was the first to spot a gigantic sea turtle. She spotted schools of flying fish. Finally, my husband put her in charge of looking out for buoys.

On the whole, they seemed quite comfortable. They wanted to know how far out we could go. Of course my and my husband's opinions differed on that point too. I knew that the weather could change quickly and believed we should stay close to shore. However, I was in the minority. My husband showed them the dark blue line far out, the "drop." "That's where the really big fish are," he said. "Yes! Let's go! Let's go!" So after a while there we were, sailing five miles off shore with two first-time sailors on board. I tried to keep calm and discard all thoughts that could ruin the trip. I did not want the kids to get scared but, at the same time, I tried to convey to them that the ocean has to be respected.

While Michael was doing a dance on the bow, Karina wished to try steering. She was also curious about the centerboard. Question after question had to be answered. While the rest of us were enjoying the sailing and the wind, Michael commented that it would still be nicer if we had a little motor.

Unfortunately we did not have much luck fishing. When I noticed that they were getting disappointed for not having caught fish, I made a bet that we would catch a fish in 15 minutes. Whoever lost would have to pay 10 cents to the rest. Michael lay down on the bow and kept asking, "How many more minutes? What if we catch a whale?" Karina, on the other hand, had spotted another sea turtle and was not as interested in our bets. I lost the bet, we did not catch fish, so I quickly offered sandwiches. As they ate, they exclaimed how cream cheese and olive sandwiches never tasted better. They kept asking for more. Luckily their mother had packed enough for an army. Eating out at sea adds to the flavor, doesn't it?

But we could not go on sailing forever. We had promised their parents that we would not be gone too long and not too far either. I started trying to send my husband telepathic messages, "It's time to head back. Come about." I knew that they would respect the captain's decision more than mine. I also did not want them to think of me as a spoilsport. The telepathy worked! We tacked, and I was explaining the difference between tacking and jibing. Michael did not complain but Karina insisted we go a little longer, a little further. She actually asked if we could sail to Desecheo, an island 12 miles offshore. "Next time," my husband reassured her.

Sailing back we watched trees and houses "moving" on the shore. Then suddenly, the wind died on us. Was one of my fears coming true? Michael quieted down, but Karina exclaimed, "Good! Now we can row!" It would have been a long row back had the wind not picked up again. It might have ruined the positive experience. Luckily the wind spirits smiled upon us once again. The wind picked up and we were steadily heading towards the marina. Closer to the shore we met two older boys on kayaks. Michael knew them. They were older and, as boys will often do, they tended to bully him at times. So Michael insisted that we race them. They accepted the challenge. As we passed them, Michael was yelling with signs of victory in the air.

When we came within swimming distance, (both kids are excellent swimmers), they asked to jump off. We allowed it, and I threw a line into the water. They held on to it and we pulled them along. As we were entering the channel, they climbed back in and we made a perfect docking. Again, Karina helped with tying up the boat while Michael goofed around.

"This was great, Auntie! We should do it again! "It was better than going to the Disney show."

Well, if it was better than Disney, I imagine the kids might develop an interest in sailing after all. My advice now is just take them out under safe conditions and the interest will be aroused.

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Length: 18' 1", Beam: 4' 6", Draft: 6" , Weight: approx. 300 lbs.

John's Sharpie

There is certainly no other traditional small boat that offers the performance under sail and ease of construction of a sharpie. Developed in southern New England as workboats, their speed, shallow draft, easy handling and quick construction, caused sharpies to spread quickly down the Atlantic coast.

John C. Harris, our shop manager and resident sharpie enthusiast, designed this fast 18 footer as a spirited daysailer and able camp cruiser. Though John's Sharpie has a traditional appearance, its stitch and glue construction provides a lightweight, easily built hull. The two cockpit design adds strength, stiffness and additional seating. With boom tents fitted it will camp/cruise comfortably with two.

The sharpie uses a daggerboard, which takesup less space than a centerboard and is easier to build. With the board raised and the rudder kicked up, John's sharpie is easy to beach or pull above the high tide line. A leeboard version is also available. The cat ketch rig is fast to set up and simple to sail, tacking requires only a push on the tiller.

The sharpie is a bit more work to build than our other designs, but the kit is simple enough for the occasional woodworker. Since no frame or strongback is required, the boat can be built in about 180 hours, it's much like a giant kayak. Like all our kits, it includes all pre-cut parts, epoxy, fiberglass, hardware and spars, everything but sails and line.

Chesapeake Light Craft, 1805 George Ave., Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 267-0137

WHY WOOD?

Though wooden boatbuilding is too labor intensive for wooden boats to compete commercially with their plastic and 'glass counterparts that are simply popped out of a mold, wood is still one of the best structural materials for small boats. Wood and epoxy are used to build some of the world's fastest multi-hull sailboats, sprint kayaks and rowing shells.

Wood is up to 10 times stiffer than fiberglass by weight, and nearly 6 times stiffer than Kevlar/epoxy composite. So your energy is expended moving the boat, not flexing the hull. Wood also retains its strength despite repeated cycles of tension and compression from rough seas and fast paddling; it doesn't get brittle with age, as 'glass and plastic can.

CLC boats are lighter than comparable 'glass or plastic craft. So they accelerate quicker, can carry more gear and supplies, and are easier to "spin" on wave tops and in surfing conditions. Lighter boats are better on shore, too; they're easier to carry above the high tide line or lift onto a car's roof rack.

CLC boats are tough, with fiberglass sheathed hulls to resist puncturing and abrasion. All the wood is epoxy saturated, so most of the maintenance associated with traditional wooden boats is eliminated.

We're proud that our boats can be built without using strongbacks, steam bending, complicated forms, and other difficult and time-consuming techniques. With our modern low-viscosity epoxy resin and metered dispensing pumps, even applying the fiberglass is easy — no experience required. We've spent years making CLC designs the easiest to build of any plan or kit boats available.

The Jimmy Skiff

Our Jimmy Skiff is a modern adaptation of the rowing/sailing skiffs once common on the Chesapeake, used for crabbing, fishing, transporting goods and enjoying summer evenings. She rows easily and won't drag her transom even with three stout watermen (or a family of four) aboard.

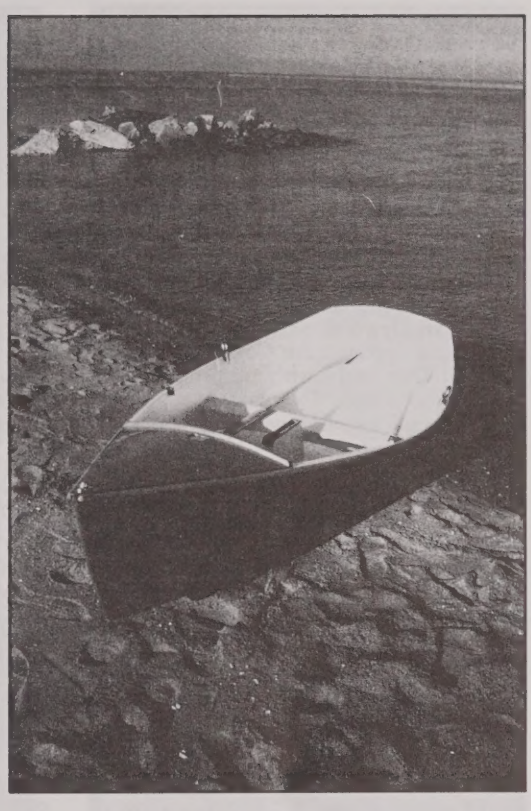
Her leg-o-mutton sail is simple as can be, with 60sf she'll ghost along nicely in the lightest zephyrs and scoot right along in a fresh breeze. It takes but five minutes to rig her for sailing.

The Jimmy Skiff is light enough to be easily cartopped or hoisted onto the deck of a larger cruising boat. And you can mount a 2-3hp outboard if you have to.

The Jimmy skiff is as simple to build as one of our kayaks. All the parts are pre-cut on our CNC router and all the necessary epoxy, fiberglass and hardware are included, even a set of traditional bronze oarlocks. The basic kit is the rowing version, an optional sailing kit makes the mast, sprit boom, daggerboard and trunk, and rudder. The sail is not included.

The name? Well, a "jimmy" is a male blue crab. a female is a "sook".

Length 13'2"
Beam 4'2"
Weight: 96 lbs.



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SAIL & CANVAS SUPPLIES, TOOLS, KITS, SAILS, COVERS

Building The Rob Roy Canoe - I

By Bob Hawk

As far as I am concerned, the "stitch and glue" system for building small boats is the best way to go. With seams covered with fiberglass and all wood encapsulated with epoxy, you have a strong, monolithic hull that will last for years.

My articles in the April 1, 1991, July 1, 1995 and December 1, 1997, issues of this magazine about my experience in building Glen L's Rowing Shell, Power Skiff, Console Skiff and Sea Kayak, all from Glen L stitch and glue plans, detailed how all were successfully constructed from 1/4" lauan plywood.

I have operated the Console Skiff for the past five years without problems in Lake Okeechobee, Florida's big, and at times, rough lake. However, when I attempted to construct Glen L's Rob Roy canoe out of 1/4" lauan I failed. It was simply too thick to bend without cracking. So, I stuck the plans up in the rafters of my workshop and forgot it. I am too conservative to have 1/8" plywood shipped at outrageous prices. As a matter of fact, the real Rob Roy is supposed to have been one of my Scottish ancestors.

Imagine, then, my delight when I discovered that my favorite supplier, West Elizabeth Lumber Company, began selling 1/8" lauan plywood! They are only eighteen miles from my home in Pittsburgh. I lost no time in getting there. They have an ample supply of lauan and were willing to cut the wood in half on their panel saw. So, I came home with four pieces of lauan 2' wide by 8' long, just right for the four identical quarters needed for construction of the Rob Roy canoe.

With my 1-1/2hp portable circular saw, I cut out the four quarters all at the same time, according to Glen L's plan and proceeded to assemble the Rob Roy on my saw horse supported building block. I tacked the quarters down firmly onto the 2"x 6", as illustrated in photo #5.

All went well, but Glen L's plans call for a central frame with a seat. When I pulled the side panels together and attached them to the frame, the spring line was distorted. It looked rather like a fat man with too tight of a belt, sort of wasp-waisted. It just would not do, so I cut it up and scrapped it.

I figured if I made the frame wider, it would solve the problem. So, I began again, but the lines were still distorted. So, I scrapped the second attempt. (Actually, this was my third attempt if you include the 1/4" fiasco.)

But I liked the idea of a practical canoe made from two pieces of 4'x 8' lauan for $13 a sheet. The hull pattern was okay but the frame and seat in the middle pulled it out of shape. So, I went back to West Elizabeth for more 1/8" lauan.

Most of the canoes I have seen are stabilized with thwarts or cross bars. The canoe is bent into shape and then stiffened with breast hooks, gunwales and thwarts. This is way that I decided to go. Since I thought that I might make several canoes, I made an extra quarter panel of the Rob Roy to trace around rather than using the carbon paper method. I stacked all four 2'x 8' sheets of lauan on a 4'x 8' sheet of flake board and traced around my plywood pattern. So no shifting would occur, I nailed the stack down onto the flake board at five places the saw would not hit. Then, I set the shoe of saw onto the edge of the pile and dropped the blade about 1/4". Getting down on my hands and knees, not easy for an arthritic seventy-six year old, I adjusted my glasses and gently pushed the saw along the pattern lines. The powerful saw easily cut through the four layers of lauan barely scratching the flake board beneath. It even cut around the rather extreme curve at the end!

The butt blocks were cut 10" long and wide enough to allow 1-1/2" at the gunwale, the width of the inwale 1-1/2" on either side of the hull center so that a 3" strip of fiberglass tape could hold them together with about a 1/4" at the chine.

If I can use more convenient, less expensive and just as strong adhesive as epoxy, I will do it every time. (I told you I was Scotch, didn't I?) So I use yellow carpenter's glue on the butt blocks. Instead of nailing or applying weights to the blocks while the glue sets, I first spread the glue over all surfaces except for the corners. Using my faithful glue gun, I apply a dab of hot-melt glue on all four corners, and carefully press them into their pre-marked places, aligning the centerline on the blocks to the edges of the panels. The result is immediate adhesion.

I allow the glue to dry overnight and then, the next day, I drag them over to my building block where they are assembled side-by-side tightly together in the middle of the 2"x 6" and supported by the wings (see Illustration #5).

The panels are tacked down firmly about 2" from the centerline to allow the 3" fiberglass tape to hold the two halves together. Note that I cover this center joint with duct tape to prevent the epoxy from seeping through and gluing it to the 2"x 6". Then I staple the fiberglass tape down at one end and stretch it along the hull. I am now ready to apply the epoxy (see Illustration #7).

By applying the tape, I eliminate the necessity of having to wire the two halves together, a rather difficult process. By the way, this is the first time that epoxy is applied to the hull (see Illustration #8). The reason that I don't coat the lauan with epoxy prior to cutting the panels is because I wet down the wood in order to bend it into shape. To soften it, the water has to be able to penetrate the lauan. If it is coated with epoxy, this becomes impossible. Also, since cutting the pattern loses about 25% of the panels, this is a waste of epoxy. At approximately $48 per gallon, I try not to waste any.

After soaking down the area in the forward and stern ends of the canoe, it is not too difficult to pull and wire the two halves of lauan together without cracking. I then pull the butt blocks together. They should meet tightly in the middle with the side panel and be clamped into place. Where the side panels meet the hull at the chine, there is a good deal of space. This should not worry you too much.

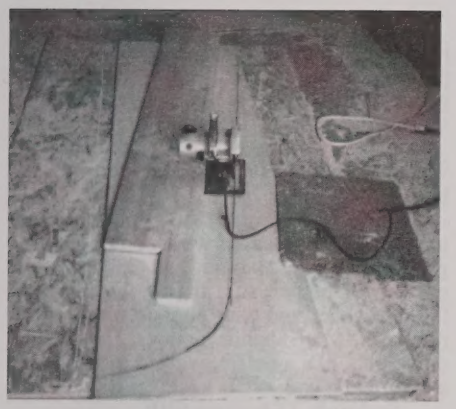
I use a rather fine steel wire for wiring. It is much stronger than copper, does not snap as easily and can be pulled out more easily afterward. It is also about one half the price of copper wire, which, as you know by now, does not influence me in the slightest! I start in the middle and work my way towards the stem and stern. I do not attempt to distort the lines by trying to pull the joint tight. I want a nice, fairly straight line along the chine. However, when I finish, there is not too great a gap. I then fill the gap with slivers of wood slipped under the wire on the inside of the hull at the chine and tacked down with hotmelt glue (see Illustaration #11).

The butt blocks are then glued to the side panels. They should fit tightly together if the mid section ends are exactly square as illustrated in figure # 1. Again, I use carpenter's yellow glue for this. I brush glue onto both surfaces and I stick them together. They should meet together with a nice tight joint. A clamp is used at the gunnel and a 1/2" Phillip's head screw is used to pull things together at the chine. Do not be afraid to use carpenter's glue where I have indicated. The wood will fail before the glue joint will fail and the joint will be protected from water by several coats of epoxy and paint.

(To Be Continued)

1) The pattern for the identical four quarters comprising the Rob Roy canoe. The mid section ends are exactly square to the straight edges. They will fit tightly together when assembled.

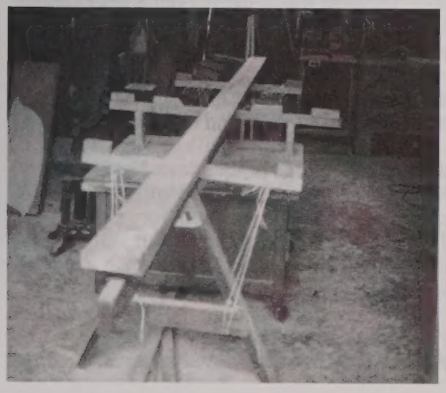
2) Following the lines of the pattern, I cut through the four thicknesses of lauan with my portable circular saw. They will not shift because they are nailed down on the 3/8" flakeboard.



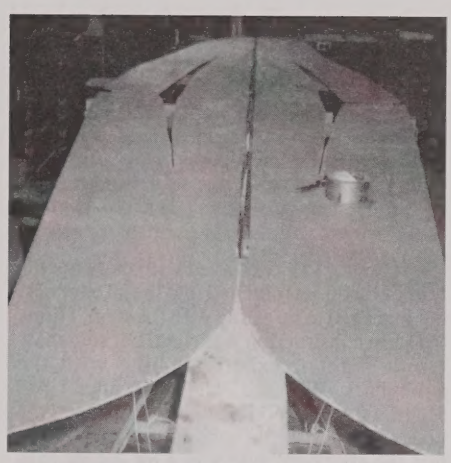
3) Using a heavy board as a straight edge so the two halves of the hull will fit tightly together.

4) Gluing down the butt blocks using carpenters' glue and holding them in place with hot melt glue applied to the corners of the butt blocks.

5) My dear wife Barbara pretending to nail the two halves down to the 2"x 6" block. Notice how tightly the two halves fit together.

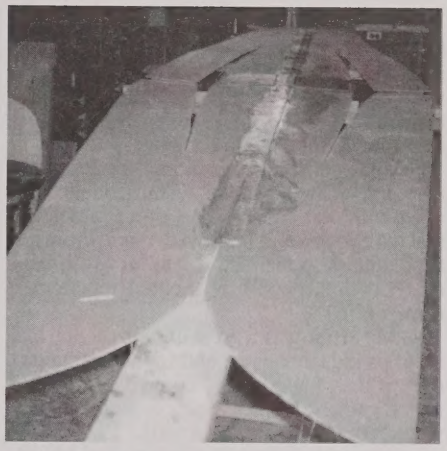


6) At left: My labor saving non (not) patented building blocks available for all to copy. Cheap and easy; sawhorse hardware, one 14' 2"x 4" with a 1"x 6" nailed on top. The wings are 2"x 2"'s screwed on the 1"x 6" with 2"x 2" blocks placed to support the panels tacked on the 2"x 6" center block.

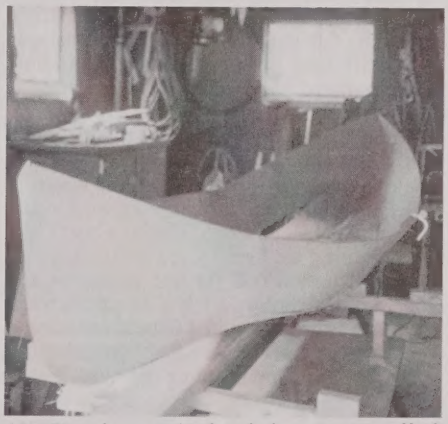


7) After the two halves are tacked down to the 2"x 6", the center joint is covered with 1" duct tape to prevent the epoxy from leaking through and welding the hull to the building block.

9) The wetted down lauan pulled into shape at the stern. I use vise grip pliers to grab the steel wire and twist it tight.



8) 3" fiberglass tape is stretched over the central joint and epoxied. I thicken the epoxy somewhat with wood flour which I get from sawdust run through a kitchen strainer. Works as good as anything you can buy.



10) The fore and aft of the canoe pulled together and wired prior to wiring the chine. The butt blocks temporarily clamped.

11) Above: Wiring side panel to bottom at the chine. Notice butt blocks held in place with clamps and notice slight gap at chine to be filled with slivers of wood held in place with a dab of hot melt glue.

The Amateur Boatbuilder
Part I

By Jim Hornby

When she was 10 and I was 8, my sister introduced me to boatbuilding. Well, I suppose it could hardly be called BOAT building. What we constructed was more a conglomeration of driftwood logs and boards, roughly assembled into something that would float.

It happened every summer for a number of years, on the beach below our cottage, and even with that experience I don't remember that the end product improved much. From the first attempt to the last, it was an assortment of driftwood, hopefully secured together to form a raft.

My sister was a great organizer. She had all of us kids, relatives, and friends, strangers even if they happened to come by, scurrying about, gathering bits and pieces, hoping some would contain a few rusty nails.

The end result was anything but beautiful, and of questionable seaworthiness. But then, we never really planned an extended cruise. The longest voyage I can recall was something like a couple of hundred yards, maybe 30 feet seaward of the beach.

But I do believe that these early experiences planted the seed of a desire to construct something that would float, almost a creation.

Years later my interest in boatbuilding was stimulated by watching a friend build a dinghy. I was amazed to see how a few pieces of wood, some plywood, and paint would transform into an object of beauty which would transport its owner across the water.

I had dabbled a little in woodworking, a few simple objects. Could I build a boat? My friend assured me I could. He would help.

As it turned out, for one reason or another, he didn't help at all. His intentions were good, but he never seemed to be able to coincide his free time with mine.

So I wound up building the boat. It was probably the best thing that could have happened. I got it finished, not without great difficulty, but I know I'd never have started if I'd known I should have to do it all myself.

I produced an 8' dinghy. To my eyes it was so beautiful I could only look at it, wondering if I really wanted to dunk it in water, and worried that if I did would it, perhaps, float upside down? Eventually it was launched and floated right side up, and I spent many happy hours rowing it and just sitting in it, drifting.

Soon, however, the inevitable happened. In those days, home building of boats was popular, and many publications contained drawings of various designs. I came upon a 12' plan which set me dreaming.

Twelve feet! Fifty percent bigger than my dinghy, and outboard powered! A person could go almost anywhere in that.

Where to build it, supposing I decided to tackle it? My basement workshop was all right for the dinghy, but could it handle a boat this size? I was almost ready to call it a ship.

The basement had an outside entrance, and I was overjoyed to find careful measurement showed the boat could be carried out edgeways, providing I had lots of help.

Now I had to get up enough nerve to start. This design was what I called a proper boat. It had a stem, where the dinghy had a blunt fore end, pram design. It was even decked in forward for about two feet, with a good-sized coaming to turn aside the big seas I visualized crashing aboard.

My boatbuilding friend again agreed to help, and this time he did, at least enough to get me started.

He should have stayed with me. I got the frames made and notched into the strongback, but managed to go astray with the stem. I think the stem construction was right, but somehow I didn't get it exactly in line with the strongback. With the result that, after I had secured the plywood planking and turned the boat right side up, I found to my amazement that the starboard side was a bit longer than the port.

This gave the boat a rather unusual appearance, an almost quizzical expression as the bow had a slight twist to port, like a horse that had been too long walking a grain-grinding circle.

To counter the torque of the engine, I mounted the remote controls on the starboard side as advised by the engine manufacturer. This would likely have balanced the thrust of the engine, but it didn't compensate for the twist of the bow, and I had to keep a firm hand on the wheel with steady pressure to starboard to prevent the boat doing left-hand circuits.

No one seemed to notice my efforts to hold a straight course, but at the berth it was an oddity, it always seemed to be trying to nuzzle the wharf.

The following year there was an outbreak of two-foot-itis, a disease peculiar to small boat owners, especially home builders, and I was not immune.

Thumbing eagerly through my favorite magazine, I spotted a design for a 14' boat which would handle a 35 hp outboard engine. The boat even had a windshield.

Now I had to dispose of my twelve-footer. It had a good engine and, if you were determined, it could be persuaded to go more and less in a straight line. I found someone who was willing to wrestle with it, and started to study the 14' plan.

This was a lot more boat, and I had the building strongback set up and the frames made before I realized this boat would never leave the basement, edgeways or any other way.

Work ground to a halt. Now I spent my evenings staring at the framework. What to do? Build a shed back of the house? I'd never get it warm enough to work during the winter, and winter was the building time.

Someone suggested a vacant building at the waterfront. I looked at it and lack of heat was the problem, it was almost as cold as outdoors. Even big commercial heaters wouldn't raise the temperature to anything approaching a comfortable level.

I had some friends who thought that anyone who built a boat had to be certifiably insane, and I know when I came up with my building solution they were convinced of it.

The only way I was going to get this boat, or most of it, built over the winter was to form up all the pieces, fit them together secured only with screws, even the plywood planking, and then dismantle everything bit by bit and set up in the waterfront building when the warm weather arrived.

It worked out better than I hoped. Tedious jobs, like fairing the framework and fitting the plywood, were all done and the boat went together at the waterfront like a child's building set.

It was great to secure pieces permanently with marine glue, stainless steel screws, and bolts.

Then the day came when we were going to see what this mass of wood, bolts, screws, glue, and plywood would look like right side up. So with helpers standing by, fastenings to the strongback and other support pieces were removed. Many hands grasped the upside down boat like a coffin, walked a little way, and turned it over on its keel.

Suddenly, IT became SHE.

I stared, fascinated, at this creation of beauty, and one of my friends had to poke me twice to find out if I needed any more help. I needed no more help, and no more work was done that day. I just sat and stared.

Once the construction became a boat, I was never alone. Many visitors came to watch and a few, who I suspected knew even less about boatbuilding than I, kept up a running line of advice and suggestions,

"Why don't you put a couple of big fins on the back end?" This adviser hadn't advanced to "bow" and "stern."

"Why?"

"Make it look like a car." This was in the 1950s.

"I'm trying to make it look like a boat."

The prospect of launching brought new jitters. What if, with friends and relatives in smiling attendance, the boat just rolled over and sank? What if it floated, but followed its predecessor and floated with a decided twist to one side with every indication that it, too, would want to run in circles? I was sure this time I had the stem properly aligned, but like an expectant father there's always a worry.

Needless worry. It was a good boat. With a 35 hp outboard, it wasn't the fastest boat in the harbor, but it planed easily and, at half throttle, it was remarkably seaworthy and comfortable for a fourteen-footer.

My interest in boating, after the raft building under the supervision of my sister, was stimulated in my teens when a friend suggested we buy a sailboat, which he insisted was a bargain.

It seemed to be, $90 for a 20' boat with a full suit of sails, and even though money was almost nonexistent in the 1930s, by working all summer we managed to raise the $90 between us. He had done some ice boating and professed to be happy with sail power, and since my boating experience had come entirely from my sister's rafts, I was prepared to rely on his experience.

The boat was at the builder's wharf about 40 miles away, so we persuaded a local yachtsman to accompany us on the voyage to our home port. On a clear, sunny morning with the faintest of breezes, we got a ride to the boat, stowed our gear, and confidently set out.

I wasn't exactly thrilled with my introduction to sailing. In the almost non-existent breeze the boat drifted and rolled, the sails rattled, and the boom flopped from side to side. Two large paddles provided our only auxiliary power. I was beginning to wish I'd done something else with my $45.

All through the long, hot day we sailed (?) slowly homeward as I watched the shoreline crawl by. We must have had an east-setting

current because, near evening, we reached St, Peters Island, where we would turn in for the harbor. Here, rocking gently in the slight swell, was a large fishing boat with its engine rumbling in neutral.

Our yachtsman friend waved to the fishermen and turned our boat into what little wind there was. The big boat came alongside and, much to our amazement, our friend hopped on board.

"These guys," he said, "are going to run me in to the wharf. I have a very special appointment this evening. You'll be okay. You know the way now. Straight in through the bay, straight through the narrows, and into the harbor. You can't go wrong." He gave us a big smile and a wave as the fishing boat roared away. We were so stunned by the whole procedure that neither of us said a word. We just sat and stared at the disappearing boat while we rocked in the wash.

We finally realized we were on our own, and decided we had to do something to get us home that night. There was still lots of light in the summer evening, and we turned the boat towards our destination, some 10 miles away.

The fishing boat was barely out of sight before things started to happen. We had pointed the boat in the direction we wanted to go without any idea, at least so far as I was concerned, how this would be accomplished.

We both felt it at the same time, the slight pressure on our backs as the boat came alive. With loose sheets, the sails filled out at right angles to the boat, the jib on one side and the main on the other, "wing and wing" as I later learned it was called. Since we were heading north, we couldn't believe it as the wind started blowing from the south. The wind kept increasing until the boat was foaming along with the sails rigid on either side.

We were flying, we roared straight through the bay and entered the narrows. There were now few boats out, and these had the good sense to keep out of our way. At the harbor entrance it is necessary to turn right to approach the wharves and the Yacht Club, but we were so terrified of changing anything that we just hung on to the tiller as we tore along.

North River was directly in line as we shot through the harbor, boiled up the river, and slammed hard aground right below the Inn.

The back stay let go, the mast cracked, and the whole rig piled up on the fore deck. We collected a few scrapes and bruises, but congratulated ourselves on the successful conclusion of a memorable voyage.

We enjoyed the boat for a few years, learning how to sail the hard way. We eventually added an ancient outboard engine which absorbed more energy in cranking it than would have been required to row the boat. Eventually we went off to different pursuits and sold the boat. It was several years before I discovered a renewed interest in boating, and then I was bitten by the building bug.

Now, with the fourteen-footer I felt I had the ideal boat, easy to trailer to different bays and rivers and no need for a berth or mooring, just slide it onto the trailer and take it home.

The Yacht Club was gradually turning back to sail. Old photos on the clubhouse walls showed the harbor sprinkled with white triangles. The change was slight, but noticeable. Members who recently were trying to be the fastest on the water now were outdoing each other in the type of sailboats. Where the clubhouse talk had been the size of engines and the design of planing hulls, a few now chatted about sloops and yawls, cutters and ketches, jibs, spinnakers, and mizzens, and looked pityingly on completely baffled members.

My $90 sailboat, years before, had taught me something about sailing. We were without auxiliary power, or had an engine that mostly wouldn't start. So we had to learn to sail, leave a mooring, slip into a berth, claw off a lee shore. But now, with my beautiful fourteen-footer, I thought anyone who sat all day in a sailboat, apparently going nowhere, was nuts.

So much for complacency. One day, after racing back and forth across the harbor many times, I found it all rather boring and tied up at the Yacht Club to watch a couple of sailboats slipping by.

They were beautiful, sliding along so easily and silently. I wondered why I hadn't noticed them before.

What would it cost to build a sailboat?

Not long after this affliction struck, we moved to the North Shore and built a house. It was the ideal opportunity to get a boat shop. Insulated doors in the basement opened to 8', and a big I-beam ran the whole length, supporting the main floor joists with not a post in sight.

Now, what size boat? Where to find plans?

My old books with the outboard powered boats had a few sailboats in the 14' and 16' range. They didn't look all that comfortable, and they seemed to be designed for racing, which didn't interest me.

(To Be Continued)

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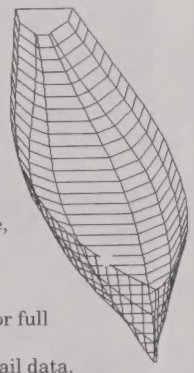

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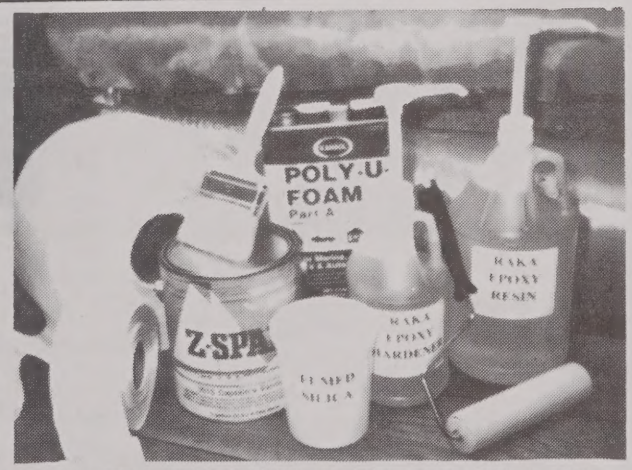

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Hawaii on the Hudson

The New York Times on June 28th had on its front page a color photo of a six women Hawaiian outrigger canoe participating in the 2nd Liberty World Challenge Outrigger Championship.

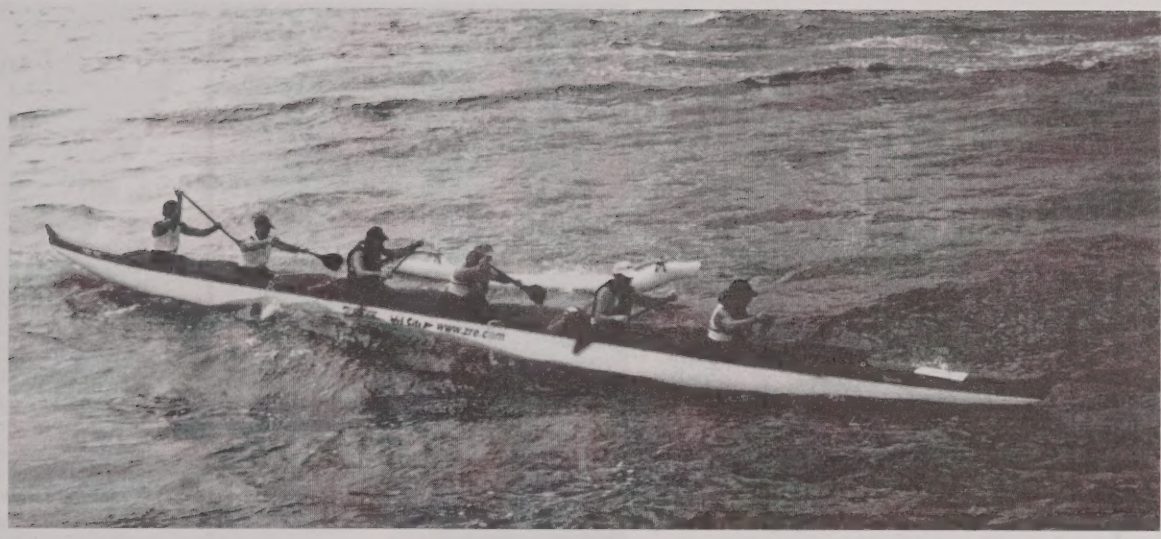
The story inside in the Metro section was entitled "Hawaii on the Hudson? Outrigger Racers Hope So". A subtitle went on to tell us that "An ancient sport travels from the South Seas to the statue of Liberty". This was a 15 mile race that took competitors south from Pier 25 on the Hudson River, around Battery Park to the Brooklyn Bridge, then to two loops around Governor's Island and the Statue of Liberty and back to Pier 25.

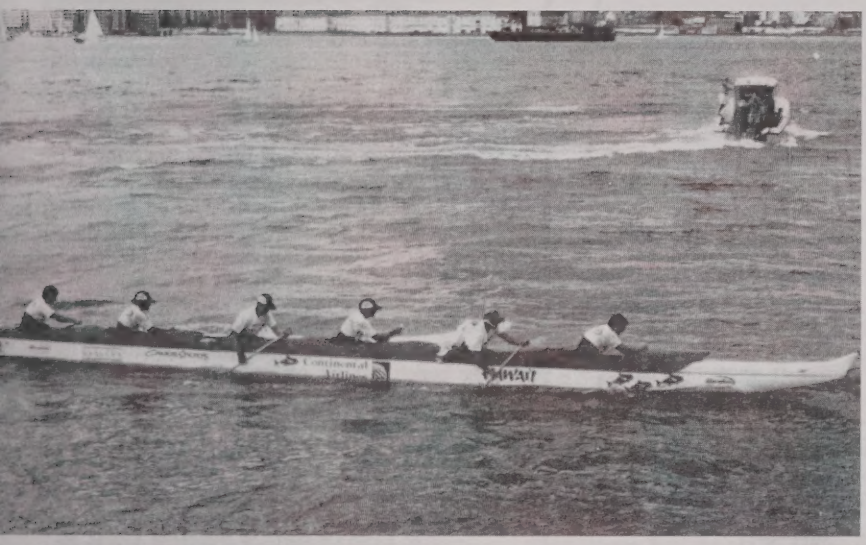
We have several times reported on these unique boats turning up on our eastern seaboard, particularly in the Blackburn Challenge in recent years. It's all part of the proponents' of this sport (including Dick Michelson of Canoesport, who is marketing the boats being built now in Maine) efforts trying to catch the public's attention with the introduction of "mano", the ancient Polynesion life spirit, to our European derived boating scene.

The *Times* reported that entries this year totalled 21 men's and14 women's teams, up from the 1997 8 men's and 6 women's. After viewing last year's race on CNN, Sheila Conover-Doylé of San Diego was inspired to fly back east this year to lead the winning women's crew, the "Wicked Wahines". Despite the Hawaiian overtones, only two of her crew were Hawaiians, she and another were SoCal natives and the third pair were from right here in little old New England.

Manhattan's buildings and commercial waterfront were a far cry from Hawaii's sand beaches and surf but the lure of racing at "the heart of America" past the Statue of Liberty was strong. This overcame the complexity of carrying the 45', 400 pound boats to the water over a fence and down a metal ramp. Old tire cushions on the pavement of the pier served in lieu of Hawaii's soft sands.

Dick Michelson provided these photographic vignettes of the event for your enjoyment and possible inspiration to give this sport a try. Should you indeed wish to look into it further give Dick a call at Canoesports in Essex, Connecticut, (860) 767-8665.

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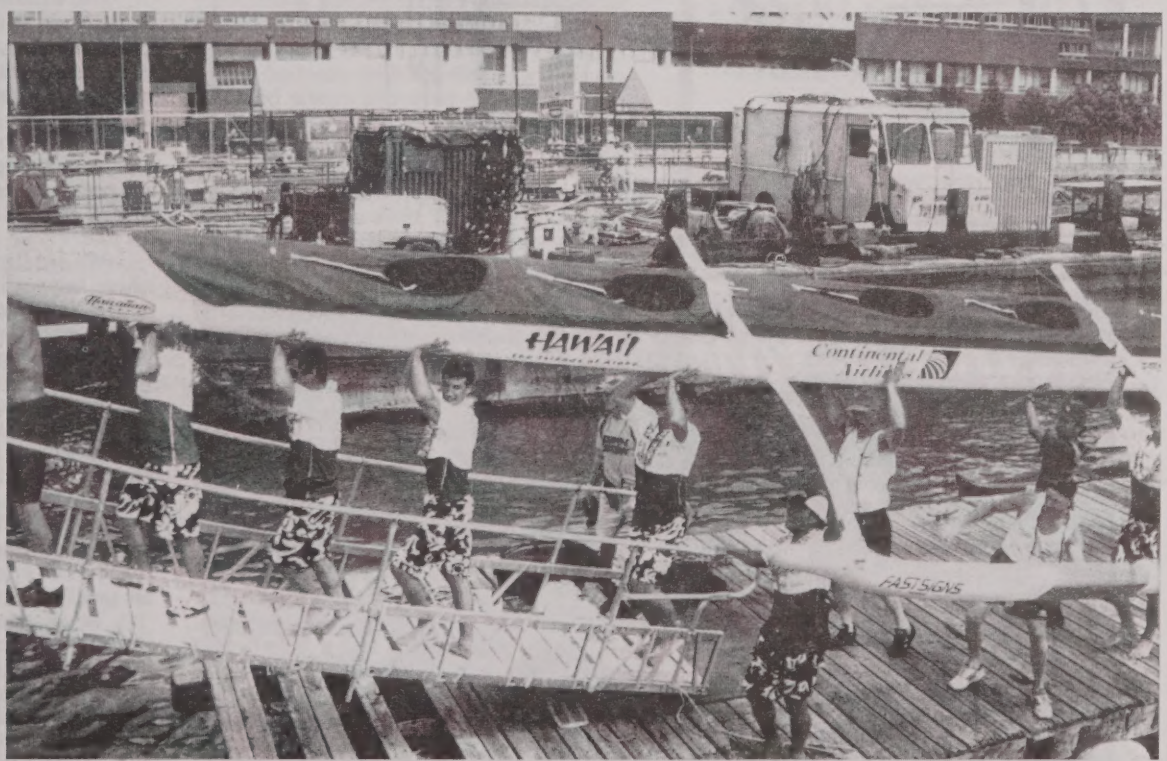
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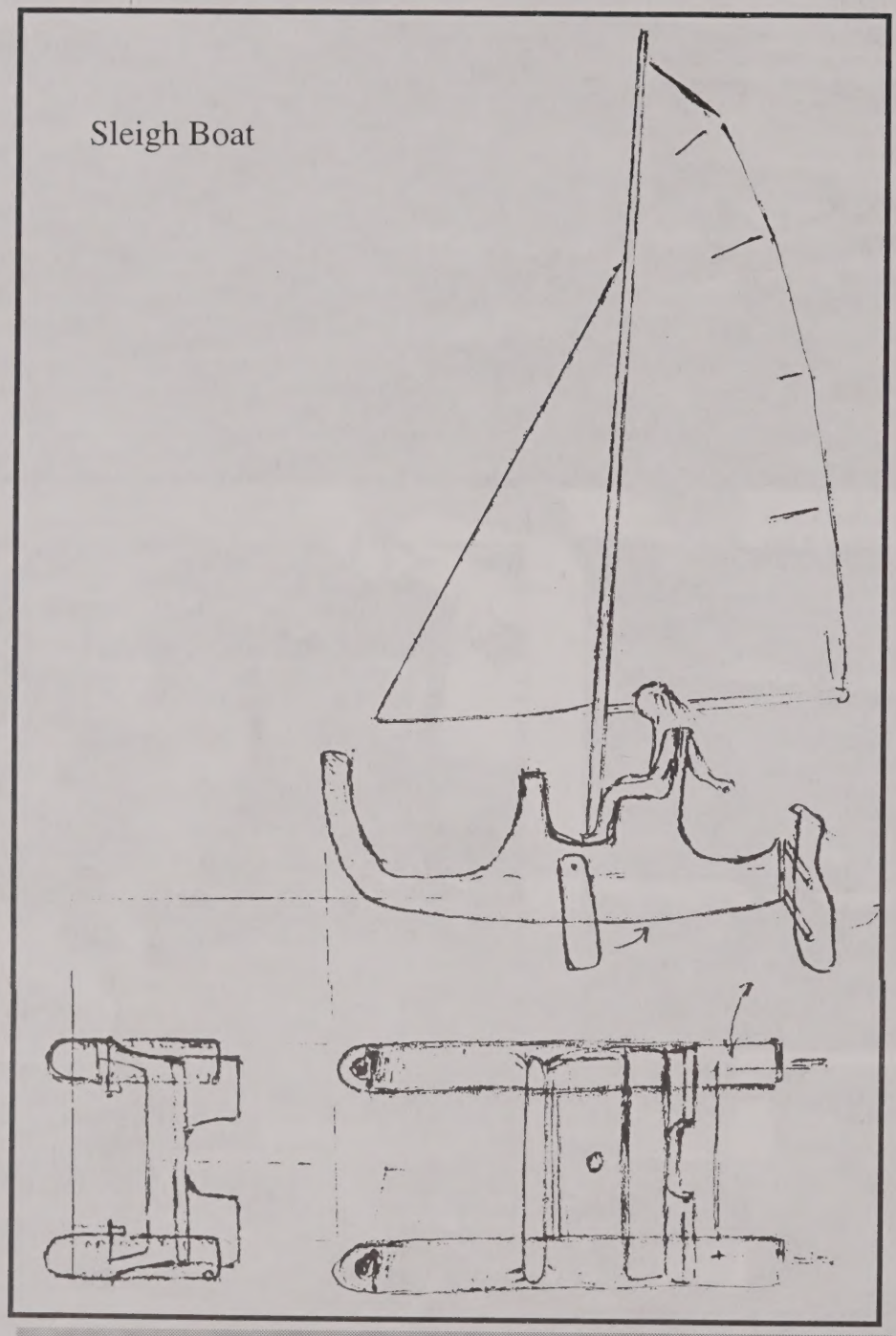

Dreamboats
The Sleigh-Boat

By Richard Carsen

Over thirty years ago, when I lived in southern California, I was shown a craft that really looked like a sleigh on the water. In the drawing I have tried to make it look exactly as I remember it. Two beach-bums, surfers, or whatever you called that crowd that was spending most of their time playing with the surf, had conceived and built it. The runners were big and heavy and heavily coated with fiberglass which was then not all that expensive.

Most of these beachkids squeezed a living out of cutting blanks for surfboards from foam and they knew how to fiberglass. I cannot remember their names; no doubt they looked like every-one else: healthy, tanned surfer bodies, hair bleached by the sun to a manila rope blond, and speaking the lingo. They weren't interested in getting rich, but making just enought to survive, banding together for housing, but mainly enjoying the sea, the beach, nature, the California sun and, I suppose, their girlfriends who all had gorgeous figures and a gorgeous tans and wore those split swimsuits that became known as bikinis.

Everything went, and so did this boat, and Hoby Alter was shaping his first hulls out of surfing blanks, covered with glass and setting the beach-crowds on fire all over the world. They knew, as surfers, the hidden energy in the breaking wave. I heard them talk about how they could feel it in the tunnel (the wave curling over you while you surfed it inside). I might have thought this to be just so much talk, had I myself not also experienced it.

No, I didn't surf; at the time I was already in my fifties and it seemed to me too late to start that. But I had the opportunity to go to Hawaii with my wife. There we met two friends and together we made a trip in one of those outriggers that take tourists into the surf. I had seen photos of these boats coming in on a wave, and people look ecstatic, waving arms and paddles over their head, and somehow all spaced out. Believe me, that's exactly what it's like.

We paddled out, being instructed by our native skipper in the ways of paddling. We turned. Was it going to be good? It depended, he said, on how much power we could put into it. So, being a group that knew one another, we really put our backs into it. Then suddenly the canoe takes off by itself; suddenly it gets a life of its own; it accelerates. We bored right into the back of the wave preceding us; as the bows dove in, the little do-hicky on its nose, made for that reason, spreads the waters, you wave your paddle over your head, and there is simply no way to describe this.... this feeling. But I now perfectly understand why surfers are totally addicted to their sport.

To come back to the sleigh, I remember the utter glee in which its skippers reported how they could slide around the harbor totally unrestricted, as their craft, with its flip-up rudders and boards, simply slid over anchor cables, cables and floats of crab-pots and whatever obstacle afloat in the water.

Crab Claw Cat

By Fred Shell

I have been messing around in boats since I was a kid, and have been designing and building boats professionally for the last 15 or so years. Recently, I have been very intrigued to see interest surfacing in the lateen sail rig (and its variations). This spring *Boats* had an article about rigs without masts, basically lateen, and more recently in your article on the AYRS there is mention of a new design by Dick Newick using a variation on the crab claw sail. I have also had recent inquiries from customers about using these sort of rigs.

To date, my boats have all used simple, but very effective, leg-o-mutton rigs, unstayed, or semi-stayed (rope shrouds) with curved sprit booms. This, to me, IS a great sailing rig, especially if you add a mizzen and perhaps a small jib. These have worked very well on my mono-hull, catamaran, and trimaran designs. But still this lateen, crab claw shape is so appealing!

In addition to the beauty of the thing, there are two honest technical factors which draw me to it. First, I would like to produce a design for an open, hard deck catamaran in the 16'-18' range. There is no place for an unstayed mast, but a lateen sail could be hung from a short bipod mast anchored in each hull. This bipod could be short enough to leave standing while trailering. Second is the possibility of developing lift, as well as drive, from the sail. Lift, of course, means less drag and more speed for the same size sail (and overturning force). A faster and more stable boat may be possible.

The quest goes on for the impossible in sailing, fast, comfortable, and cheap. Of course, I would like to design and build such a boat. The picture is of a simple model I built this spring. I hope to be launching a full-size version in time for sea trials this season. Kits and finished boats will be made available if it proves out.

I will be trying a main of about 90 sq. ft. and a mizzen of about 35 sq. ft. Why a mizzen on a simple boat? Well, I'm glad I asked. I love mizzens! Let me count the reasons why.

First, trim. With a mizzen the sails can easily be set so that the boat will steer itself to windward (and sometimes off the wind also). I once thought the greatest joy in sailing was to sail a boat I built myself. I now know the ultimate joy, having a boat I built myself sail me. I love to sit back and feel the boat react, always finding the correct heading to keep itself in harmony with the wind. I sail in uncrowded waters and even doze sometimes while getting carried across the bay!

Second, control. The boat can be parked by letting the main loose and sheeting the mizzen in. It will drift backwards, but will remain bow to the wind. There are many situations where this maneuver can increase the sailors comfort and safety. The mizzen can also can be used to insure a fast tack by pulling it to windward. Some boats can even be tacked this way without touching the tiller.

Third, lower center of effort. The same sail area on a single mast boat will require a bigger sail, longer spars, and more purchase, and it will produce more overturning force. Granted, the single mast rigs will develop a little more power, but at the cost of more difficult (or expensive) to control sails.

Fourth, less need for a motor. Because of all the previously mentioned advantages, having a mizzen may allow you to avoid having a motor at all, or at least you may be able to get along with a simple electric. If the mizzen is kept simple, it will cost less than a gasoline outboard and it won't stink or disturb your peace and quiet. I'm afraid I have gone off on a tangent about mizzens (am I letting the tail wag the dog).

The design will use plywood deep vee hulls, with a solid flat cockpit about 8' square. An out-sloping backrest will go all the way around. This cockpit should be very comfortable as is, but the space is large enough for folding lawn chairs and maybe a sun umbrella. For overnighting, an inexpensive self contained tent can be set up. Gear such as this can be stowed in the hulls forward and aft of the cockpit. The construction is so simplified that an amateur should be able to build the boat from a kit in about a week.

In general concept, this design falls somewhere between a pontoon boat and the Sunfish. Certainly the incredible popularity of the Sunfish says something good about the lateen rig, a truly ancient rig which just might be ready for another try.

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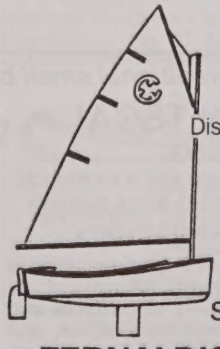

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A Cheap River Rowing Boat

By David Wilson

It was the summer of '55 and we were bored. Tommy, Junior and I needed something meaningful to do. In the Nashville suburb of Inglewood there were the typical boyhood jobs for 11 to 14 year olds, paper routes and popsicle wagons. Scout camps were great, but over in a week. Girls were interesting of course but infatuation with them hadn't set in yet.

Junior's dad, who did shift work for the railroad, was home enough in daytime to see our dilemma. Harking back to his own boyhood he came up with a plan guaranteed to pull us out of our doldrums. "Do you think you could swim across the Cumberland River?" he asked us one day.

"Yes," we all answered, not having done it but absolutely sure we could. After all, the YMCA had taught us well. He then revealed to us his plan. If we could get our parents' permission and if we could prove to him that we could indeed swim the Cumberland, he would help us build a boat and dock it at his friend's house on the river for us to use.

The begging and pleading with our parents commenced, and after many reassurances from junior's dad, they gave in. Never was a boat building project started with such enthusiasm.

We would need to come up with at least $6 for lumber, Junior's dad told us, and then he took us to Inglewood Hardware & Lumber to get it. The 1"x 12" #2 pine shelving boards were 11-1/2" wide, 16' long and as knot-free as we could find. These would be the sides. 1"x 6" bottom boards were begged from the scrap piles down the street where a new subdivision was springing up. A 4' piece of 2"x 4" would do for the bow and stern, and some scrap 1"x 4" and 1"x 6" for braces and seats completed the lumber requirements.

The Boat

On the Cumberland in those days many boats were similarly constructed. Most were wider and carried the full section all the way aft to the stern where a 25hp outboard powered them. The longer lasting ones were built of yellow poplar instead of pine, and most had higher sides than ours.

The side boards were marked for sawing so that a 6' full section was left in the middle of the boat with both end sections rising up to meet the bottom of the 2"x 4" bow and stern in a straight line. After sawing them out we placed them upside down atop two levelled sawhorses.

The beam of the boat was to be about 3' so a piece of 1"x 4" scrap was cut to a few inches less than that to be used as a center brace. The reserve buoyancy would be determined by the rake of the sides, which were eyeballed to be close to perfect at a ratio of about 3:1. Each end of the 1"x 4" brace was cut at this angle and then it was placed in the center between the two sides. The sides were brought towards each other at the ends, leaving space between them the width of the bow and stern, and tied together with twine.

The width of the bow was made roughly 18" and the stern about 24". I don't remember the exact measurements, we just pulled the sides together until it looked right. The 2"x 4"s were now cut at the same angle set by the side boards and they and the center brace were then nailed into place. Two more 1"x 4" braces were cut to the shape now defined and placed to support seats to be located about 4' from each end. In all, there would be five places to sit; either end, the middle and at the quarter points. In use, the stern, center and forward quarter seats were paddled from with the sternman also steering. Most of our gear was stowed aft of the center seat.

Now Junior's dad loaned us his hand plane and we used it to make the bottoms of the sideboards flat to take the 1"x 6" bottom planking. The bottom was cross planked leaving gaps of nearly 1/8" between the boards. When we laid them the wood grain curved towards the sideboards and only two nails were driven into each end. A hand saw was used to cut them off even with, and at the same angle as, the sides.

To seal the bottom, cotton strings were dipped in shellac or varnish and placed into the seams. I think we left it overnight before giving it a couple of coats of heavy white lead paint, which you could get in those days. A galvanized eye bolt was put in the bow. The boat was then pronounced, "river ready".

The next step both amazed us and taught us a lot about wood. We put the boat on top of the car and went to the ferry landing to launch it. After we put it into the water and padded it upriver a hundred yards, Junior's dad instructed us to find a lot of big rocks. He chained the boat to a tree and proceeded to sink it with the rocks put into it to hold it on the bottom. After asking the ferryman to keep an eye on it for us, we left.

Next day we raised the boat, bailed all the water out, and checked for leaks. The bottom planks had swollen together nicely but a couple were found where the gaps between them had not been wide enough causing the boards to cup slightly. After more cotton string was hammered in with a screwdriver blade, leaking ceased and we paddled the boat about a half mile further upriver to the dock.

Little did we envision the many adventures to come and the impact this small boat would have on the rest of our lives. We used our boat for three summers before it succumbed.

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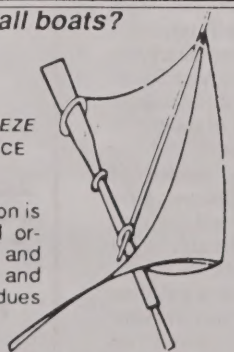

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A New Canoe

By Dave Poskitt

Last summer four of us circumnavigated Morvem and Ardgour. This was a wonderful trip which I am writing an article about, but it isn't finished yet so this is not it. As a result of certain experiences during this cruise, Dave Stubbs and I began to think hard about some aspects of cruising canoe design, and we have now launched the result of our deliberations.

On the third day of our trip we crossed from Tobermory to Loch Sunart. It is only a few miles and there was no wind at all to begin with, so we set off paddling. After a while, the wind got up so we hoisted our sails. Then it got stronger so we tied a reef in. Before long it got stronger still and we put in a second reef. Running always makes me nervous, as the only times I have capsized involuntarily have been caused by broaching. We now found ourselves running in waves which I thought were a bit big for the strength of the wind.

Of course these impressions are very subjective, and perhaps the distance from land was making things seem more dramatic than they actually were. Keith wasn't worried at all. I remember looking back in the direction the waves were coming from. There was a speck of land on the horizon, perhaps it was that wild and lonely place the island of Barra, 60 miles away. At any rate, it wasn't providing much of a lee. I didn't really feel that things were getting out of hand, but I was working quite hard to fight a nasty roll and couldn't help thinking that the margin for error was less than one might have wished.

Later, Dave and I both agreed that we wanted to do more of the same, but we both thought that a more seaworthy boat might be in order. We wanted a boat that we could paddle, sail, portage, and that would carry our camping gear as well as the boats we already have, but that would look after us better on open crossings should the weather turn worse than we anticipate, or if we ourselves should be stricken by seasickness, cold, tiredness, fear, or spontaneous loss of common sense.

The major defect in the canoe as a sea boat is its lack of stability. One way of addressing this is to add ballast, and this was the way sailing canoes evolved a hundred years ago. Adding weight makes paddling a little more difficult and portaging a lot more difficult. In the past, the portaging problem was easily solved as there were always plenty of stalwart proletarians lounging around who were happy to carry a gentleman's canoe for the price of a pint.

Times, and perhaps the relative social positions of canoeists, have changed and this is no longer an option. We have to fall back on the other method of increasing stability, which is to increase the beam. Of course, if you increase the beam beyond a certain point you lose the advantages of being a canoe. You get a boat which is too wide to paddle, which needs a lot of power to move it, and which is cumbersome to portage. The way around this is with some sort of multi-hull.

The possible configurations are 1) a double canoe, 2) a canoe with one outrigger, and 3) a canoe with two outriggers. We decided against the double canoe. Traditional double canoes tended to be large craft, and we could not see a way of making a small double canoe which would be a good paddling boat. Paddling may be a last resort but it is one which, when cruising, you fall back on more than might be anticipated. It should not be too painful.

At first we were attracted to the idea of a single outrigger. Like many people who have read a little, but not enough, about Pacific outriggers, I had gotten hold of the idea that traditional outriggers were always sailed with the outrigger to windward, that is, with the weight of the outrigger acting as ballast, that they would not tack but had to shunt and that as a result they were very unhandy in confined spaces and changeable winds. Of course, I had seen the single outriggers on some group members' boats, particularly the Eyles's, and they obviously work when carried to leeward. But because I did not think there was any historical precedent for this, I could not reconcile myself to the idea. I know this is very reprehensible and irrational.

Then I saw Wharram's Melanesia design. Here was a boat designed on traditional lines which had only one outrigger but which tacked. On one tack the outrigger used its buoyancy, and on the other tack it used its weight to provide stability. In fact, many medium density woods are about half the density of water and so they should provide approximately equal support on either tack.

I became quite enthused by the idea, and so did Dave Stubbs, though he is less interested in historical precedent. Rather than have a traditional log for an outrigger, he wanted to have something hollow which could be flooded with water as necessary. We couldn't quite think of a reliable way of doing this, so we decided to start on the main hull and hope that the outrigger design would suggest itself before we had to start building it.

I have never been attracted to the "training wheel" approach to outriggers. It seems to me that if you are going to have them, you might as well design the main hull accordingly. If it is easy to get all the stability you want from an outrigger, you don't have to worry about stability in the main hull. You can just make the most easily driven shape which will carry the weight you want.

For guidance on how to design the boat we were relying on "Boats to Go" by Tom Firth-Jones and it suddenly became apparent that a good way to do the hull might be to scale down then stretch the hard chine trimaran in this book. At an earlier stage we had thought of strip planking but were deterred by the ridiculous cost of "speed-strip." We also considered tortured play, but then decided that it would be a good idea to test the format before risking the potential uncertainties of ply torturing.

We aimed for displacement sufficient for one person, the estimated weight of a moderately strongly built boat and about 80 pounds of gear, thinking that this would probably also work with just one person or with an additional crew and no gear. In any event, we got it slightly wrong and the boat floats a bit lower than we planned but this doesn't seem to matter too much.

Whilst building the main hull, we discussed how to do the outrigger and eventually talked ourselves into having two. Two hollow ones are likely to be lighter than one solid one, and we still could not think of a sensible way to empty and fill one hollow one. We decided to make each outrigger sufficiently buoyant to support a man's weight as we thought this might be useful for rescues. Of course, this also means that it will be impossible to right the capsized boat by standing on one outrigger, but we expect that with a standard sized sail the mast will break before the boat capsizes. It is possible to imagine a capsize due to wave conditions, but in those conditions you would probably be unable to self rescue a conventional canoe. We have one or two ideas for righting the boat, but testing these will have to wait until the water is warmer.

We launched the new boat on a fairly blustery December day on Windermere, and for comparison we sailed Dave's Waterman as well. I have always thought of the Waterman as being a wonderfully stable boat. With the standard 44 sq. ft. sail, the new boat was not noticeably faster. She was, however, much easier to sail. The gusts which were quite alarming in the Waterman were of purely academic interest in the new boat. On all points of sail she was safer and more comfortable.

Downwind the horrible fear of broaching just disappears, and to windward there is a truly amazing difference between hanging over the gunwale of Dave's boat being soaked by the icy spray and idly watching someone else doing this whilst sailing alongside at the same speed in the luxurious ease and dryness of the new boat. This might be a problem in that removing the threat of capsize and the intimate contact with the elements also takes away much of the thrill.

Due to the unpleasant conditions we didn't get round to comparing paddling performance properly, but my initial impression was that this is a very easy boat to paddle.

This boat has a transom (well, three actually). This was not done with any desire to shock the bourgeoisie or outrage public decency. There are sound technical reasons, not the least of which is that the hull design we were basing this canoe on has a transom. The transoms on the outriggers are there to give a good width for fastening the aft beams, which have to go fairly far back to give room paddle efficiently.

We were sufficiently pleased with the first boat to build a second with slightly more rounded sides and a bit wider bottom. This is now nearly finished. After an accident with the outriggers which resulted in their having much more tortured sides than we thought possible, we are now considering a third version with fully tortured sides and no chines. If it works, this should be quicker and cheaper to build, as well as prettier.

This article has been reprinted from *The Gossip* of the Open Canoe Sailing Group of Great Britain, No. 87, March 1998.

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The Great Tool Hunt Part II

By Dynamite Payson

In general, for serious used tool buying I'd look for professionals who have just retired, and private sales and auctions of estates are some of the best sources of quality tools I know of. I'm especially interested if I personally know the individual, the boatyard, or whatever, and have reason to respect their reputations. Quality work and quality tools go hand in hand. This kind of background information can be a big help in judging the likelihood of finding items worth looking at in shopping for both hand and power tools, but it deserves more attention when you're considering a power tool purchase, especially in the case of units of substantial size, which represent a considerable investment.

I'll start this section on power tool prospecting with my own table saws. My preference would have been a 9" or 10" Delta with at least a 3/4 or 1 hp motor. My original purchase was the smaller 8" Delta, which was all I could afford when I bought it new. Admittedly, with its 1/2 hp motor it is too small for ripping 1" oak or twisty-grained 2x4s. But I like the way it's made, so much so that when I ran into its clone at a divorce settlement auction, I snapped it up.

Its table top is cast iron and has a ground polished surface. The miter gauge is well-made and fits the grooved table slots precisely. Its tilting table is a thing of the past, but its lightweight portability and the precision of its cutting make a combination that would still attract me today. Granted, there are other good brands around, but I see more and more of them made of pressed steel that, to my eye and touch, don't measure up to what I have.

If it's a skilsaw you're looking for, I advise you to think small. Unless you are building ocean-going commercial hulls, you don't need an 8" or 10". They would be awkward and heavy for small boat work, and much more than you need for sawing both plywood and standard boards. I bought my 6-1/2" Porter Cable a good long time ago. It's the #146 model, the deluxe skilsaw of its time. The handle is directly over the saw so that it balances well. The knobs are black plastic of some kind, easy to see and comfortably big to grab onto. The tilt indicator numbers are easy to read.

Because of its design, I can clearly see where I'm cutting, and because of its small size I can cut tight curves on boat stems that I wouldn't even try with a larger saw. Its size also makes it more controllable, which is not a bad idea with a handheld power saw of considerable RPM. When you go to buy one, keep these questions in mind: How does it balance? Does it feel comfortable to your hand? Could you work with it for hours without tiring? Are the angle adjustments in actual degrees instead of just guess marks?

That last point is a pet peeve of mine. I've got a Black and Decker sabre saw with only two numerals on its tilting action, 0 and 45. I wish I had noticed that before I bought it, because I've been paying for it in lost time ever since. If I want to cut a hole through a deck and allow for the rake of a mast, I take the degrees to rake off the plan, using my sliding bevel if it's not noted on the drawing. Then I slide the bevel along my bevel board until it matches the number set on it. When I've got that, I have to adjust the pad of the sabre saw and the blade to conform to the angle of the sliding bevel. All that extra fiddling because I was too dumb to notice the lack of numbers on that sabre saw. Every time I use it, I think of the manufacturer who made it that way, and I mutter, "thank you, thank you very much."

But that's just the tip of the iceberg. Let's take a look at power tools with sealed bearings guaranteed for life. Whose life? About 14 years ago I bought a new Sears Roebuck 3 by 21 belt sander, and after 20 hours of use the sealed-for-life bearings let go in the drive section. When I took it back the guarantee had run out, even though I hadn't used it up, and I was told that it would cost nearly as much as the price of a new one to fix.

I still remember with a great deal of satisfaction just how the sun reflected off its polished surface as it twisted and turned on its way to the bottom of one of the deepest quarries in the world, then in service as the Rockland town dump. It was the first new belt sander I had ever bought. It was also my first experience with sealed bearings, and it made me decide then and there that it would be a chilly day in Hades before I would buy a tool of any kind, new or used, which boasted of having sealed bearings guaranteed for life. Cadillac ads used to urge prospective buyers to ask the man who owns one.

Adapting that slightly to ask the man who uses one, I went straight from the quarry to D.R. Call's hardware store, and I asked house builder Charles Call what kind of luck he had with belt sanders and what kind did he use? He passed a Stanley across the counter to me, and I bought it. Since then, I have a strong tendency to believe a fellow craftsman's recommendations rather than those of any tool manufacturer. Twelve years of continuous service from my Stanley sander convinces me that I made the right choice. I'm convinced, too, that the fact that I can take it apart and grease any squeaking bearings myself has contributed to its longevity in hard service.

Eventually, I suppose they might develop "sealed for life" bearings that will last as long as the phrase implies. To my mind, that would mean that when I plunk my dollars down I can expect those bearings to be rolling merrily along when the rest of the tool is just a carcass ready for the dump. In the meantime, I'm more impressed with a nice big grease cup on a tool I can stuff myself.

Before you buy any used power tools, skilsaws, electric planes, belt sanders or whatever, check their drive shafts for end play and up and down movement. Plug it in if you can, and if you see bright blue light like that from a welder's torch arcing in its innards, chances are the brushes are worn down or sticking, or the commutator is worn, or it could even be a worn out bearing throwing a load on the motor. Put it back.

The router is a great tool capable of doing a lot of work and a wide variety of it. I had been building boats for years when I decided that a router would be very effective in knocking off the corners of gunwales. It was, but I splintered more gunwales than I care to remember before I learned to move the router along the wood in the opposite directions from the one the cutter was turning. It was the outside bend of the gunwale in tension that was doing it, along with the tendency to take too big a bite in the first place. Gunwales love to break anyway, and to start a running splinter in one is to invite disaster. So if you buy a used router and have this kind of problem, before you blame the tool, give some thought to the possibility that you might be misusing it.

I first bought an electric hand plane for cutting the edges of the 1/2" marine plywood I used for the bottoms of my Light Dories. Even in midwinter, I'd get in a sweat in a hurry, having a bout with those five layers of opposing grains with my hand plane. The electric ate them up. Later when I began building more plywood boats I found it worked better for scarfing and for fairing down rudders and centerboards than any other tool I ever used. Owning one is nice but owning two is better, if the cutters of one get dull I can pick up the other and keep going. Both of mine are block planes which are good for short work, but not so great for shaping long spars, and one is a Sears Roebuck.

Yes, I went back despite my poor luck with their belt sander. I didn't go looking for it but just happened to be browsing in their local store when it caught my eye. The size was right and the grip and balance were perfect, and to top it off it came equipped with its own self-sharpening attachment. I couldn't resist that, and I was glad I didn't. Otherwise, there's no way anybody but a specialist could sharpen those spiral-shaped cutters, and this feature makes the man who owns one the master of the situation. If you come across a used one with that feature, grab it.

Here's a horror story about a poorly designed electric block plane I did resist buying, at least until the price came down from $150 to $50. I spied this bargain, still brand new, displayed at a sidewalk sale in Rockland. I had seen it before inside the store at its original price, and just a glance told me that no one would be rushing to buy it. Instead of having a real grip like a saw handle, it had only a cowhorn-shaped projection sticking out from its body.

But at the sidewalk sale price, I figured I could use it $50 worth and then dump it. Back home with the instruction book, I learned that you weren't supposed to hang onto the horn but to curl your hand around it, letting your fingers flow around the body. Mine flowed directly over the motor cooling air intake and very effectively blocked it off. I bought this thing with my eyes wide open, so I couldn't feel cheated, but I am still wondering why any manufacturer ever let the design department put this one over. It is easily the most awkward tool I ever tried to use in my life, even when (or maybe especially when, it's hard to tell) manipulating it as directed.

Though clearly some are better than others, I'm honestly impressed by all power tools, what they can do, and the ease with which they do it. I wouldn't want to give up any that I have, but if I had to give a quick answer as to which ones are my favorites, I'd say my skilsaw, my sabre saw, and one of the best tools I've seen come on the market in a long time, my variable speed reversible drill. One of the features I like best about the newer tools is that more and more of the housings are being made of a high impact plastic, which would make even the dumbest of us have to work pretty hard at it to get electrocuted.

But that's where my infatuation with plastic stops. When it comes to plastic power cords, whoever had the idea of draping these congealed tentacles on them ought to sentenced to have to work with one in the draftiest boat shop on the Maine Coast in mid-January. What was the matter with plain old flexible rubber? I'm relieved to see it's still being used on the more expensive tools.

One final thought to do with tool maintenance. Who is going to fix your tools?

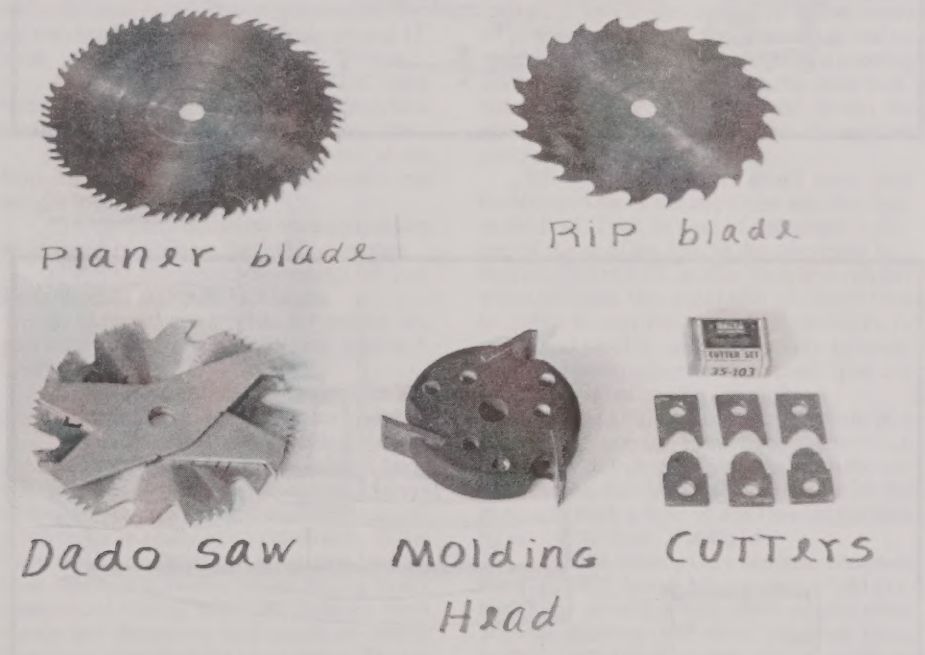
Whether you can do it yourself or plan to have it done by somebody else is worth consideration when you're buying any tool, used or new. Companies change hands so often these days, you can't be assured you're going to get service later.

My solution is to buy extra parts when I buy the tool, the ones I think might wear out. I'd rather float the expense of carrying a few extra parts, even if I never need them, rather than risk the chance of being held up on completing a job for lack of them. The cost is no worse than insurance, and not half the trouble if you can just reach for a part you have squirreled away, make the repair and keep going.

After decades of buying and using tools, and considering such things as guarantees, life expectancies and all that, in most instances I would prefer to buy new if I can, and buy used if I must. Please note that I say most, always remembering that in some cases older is better.

The end results of buying tools, whether new or used, depend on how sharp you are when you go looking. The hunt is fun, it's a challenge, win or lose, take or be taken. it all depends on you.

Clockwise from 1 o'clock: Stanley #80493 - 3x21 belt sander; Rockwell Heavy Duty Model 505 vibrator sander (takes 1/2 sheet); Black & Decker V-256 super deluxe jig saw; 3/8 reversible drill (Make VSR?); Rockwell Model 167 electric block plane; Porter Cable 6-1/2" #146 electric saw; Porter Cable #155 router.



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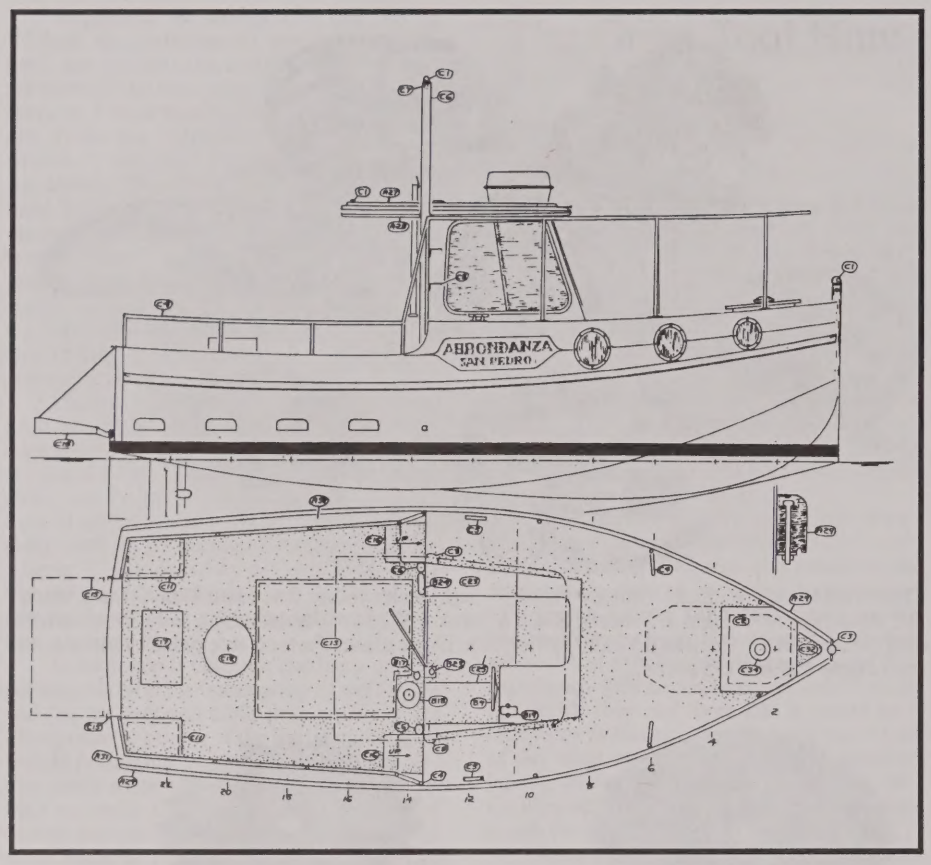
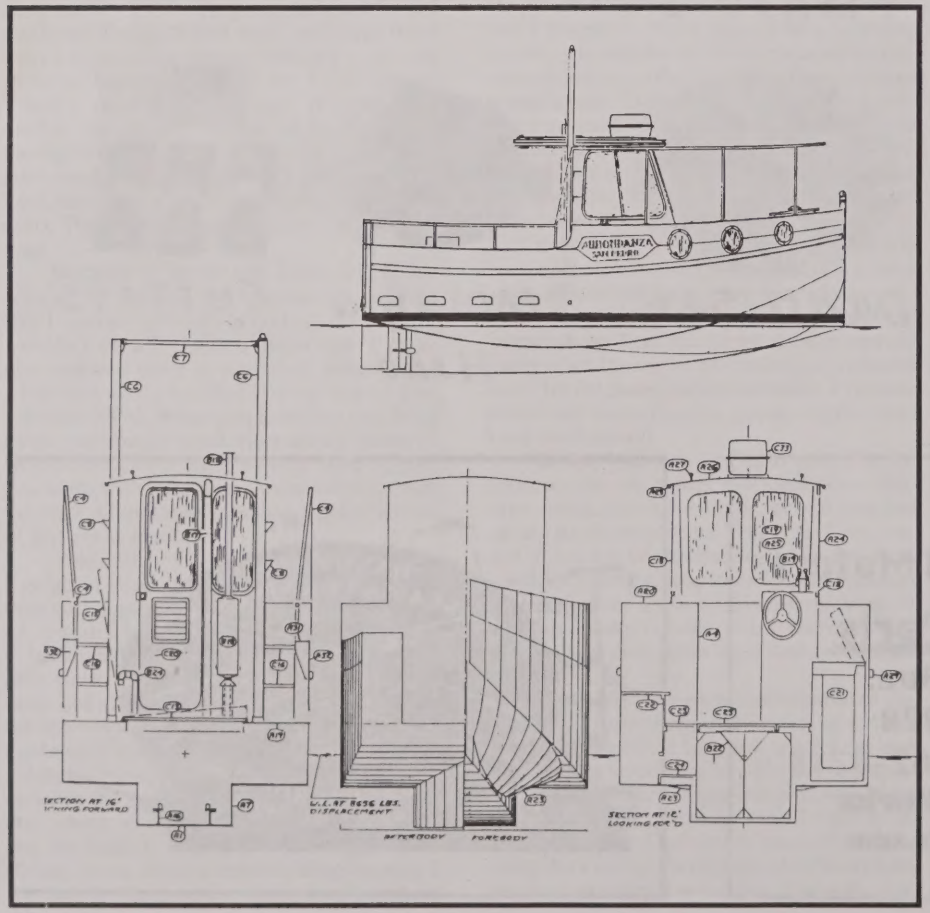




Bolger on Design

Abbondanza 24

Design # 652

For Stephen Young

Length Overall - 24'0"
Length DWL - 23'
Beam over rubrails - 8'3"
Draft at designed displacement - 1'11"
Estimated trailer weight dry - 5300-5500 lbs.
Designed full load displacement - 8650 lbs.
Pounds per inch immersion - 730 lbs.
Power - 25-45 hp diesel
Fuel tankage - 140 gals./910 lbs.

Stephen Young approached us with a father-and-son project to be built over several years. The design brief called for a steel fishing boat of around 24' in length, fit to go out into the Pacific for offshore fishing with up to four to five for the day and two for longer, trailerable by a full-size truck, and for which a 40+hp diesel was already on hand. Since the father was an experienced welder, retired from shipyard work, and Stephen Young, at 15 was still in school, there was little concern about the necessary skill and motivation to build such a structure, but the schedule proposed around school vacation time had to be conservative.

The team had scanned the market and found little assurance that their project would be a viable one, since plans for such a boat seemed non-existent and interest from design offices marginal. When Stephen Young approached us, he had become somewhat pessimistic about the whole endeavor but hoped to finally find an open ear.

We had every reason to assume that a design to this proposal could be built with limited facilities and be capable, safe, and still financially manageable. A serious design to do serious work was certainly possible in steel. As the Youngs' experience had just indicated, in more ways than one, there clearly is a place for the smaller steel working/pleasure craft. We proposed that if our building instructions were followed with discipline, progress would be motivating, and the schedule be made much tighter.

With plans defining all major plates, cutting them out and erecting the structure in proper sequence should show a completed hull shell within a few weeks, with the straightforward engine installation, limited 12V DC wiring, and moderate wood work adding further but essentially minor episodes rather than years and the risk of yet another El Nino washing away an odd rusting "sculpture."

For this 24' steel sport fisherman/working craft, we tried to combine a strong but simple to build structure with the hydrodynamically best hull shape we could come up with in a sheet material displacement speed boat. You are looking at what is essentially a carefully modified box. As Stephen Young found out, many design offices seem to believe that a smaller, well-shaped steel boat, home buildable by two in their driveway, is either impossible to do or not worth their seri-

ous attention. It does take continuous development of hull geometrics suitable for that task.

Abbondanza 24 has a sophisticated shape, limited top hamper balanced by good reserve stability for sea keeping. Beyond dayboat duty with many friends, she can carry at least two for many days, in and out of nasty conditions offshore, with the strength of steel, and the oomph of 40+ diesel horses, more than she would really need. This allows her to cruise beyond 700 nm continuously at around 6 knots, perhaps more, and with 6.5 to 7 knot maximum speed possible at less range. Her designed full load displacement of over 8600 pounds would compare well to her estimated dry trailer weight of around 5300-5500 pounds, putting her to use for heavier work than just carrying fishermen and their gear.

We think she has the purposeful good looks of a well-designed tool meant for serious work. She would get respect in the more grimy quarters of any working harbor with her straightforward appearance as a sensible, capable working craft, while in any marina she would stand out and probably turn heads as one of the few boats not saddled with often silly, faddish styling doodads that keep changing every model year.

Between the givens of human scale, her proposed purpose, and the requirements of sheet material construction, a clear framework existed within which to develop the concept. Thus, her form follows her function which, if approached with discipline, can translate into more timeless appearance of quiet dignity.

Let's go through her from the keel on up, so to speak:

Her structural backbone is the full-length box keel with 1/4" bottom plate and 10 gauge side plating, with the forward half called the "cutwater" and rear half the "skeg," the combination of which allows:

a) The longest waterline possible on her overall length for the most displacement speed, as a "sharky" bow, typically sold as "state of the art" in metal boats and fashionable in fiberglass as well, means less waterline right off the bat and thus already near .5 knots less speed if the waterline was just 20', would make much more fuss, i.e., bigger waves, requiring more power for same speed, would be wetter in choppy conditions, slam hard at times, have bad steering habits in following seas, and obviously less useable interior volume, all for essentially no good reason.

b) The finest bow-shape combined with solid reserve buoyancy where it counts makes for clean slicing of the water.

c) A separate toilet room way forward in that narrowing "cutwater," high enough to pull your pants up, and with the hatch opened deep enough for a stand-up but private sponge-bath.

d) Good headroom in the cabin, with storage under the floor boards.

e) Lowest location for a house bank of about 270 pounds of two industrial duty (700-100 cycles) L-16 6V house (2x6=12V) batteries for 350AH of quiet lights, fish finders, refrigeration, radar, VHF, all day/night/multiples of drifting and fishing without running the engine.

f) A good sized 140-gallon fuel tank right amidships in a location where its varying weight won't put her badly out of trim and which allows immediate top-down access to it for cleaning, and a short direct fuel line to the engine on the other side of the main bulkhead, plus a bottom drain cock to periodically get the water and sediment out of the tank for proper fuel hygiene, so vitally important a diesel boat with not much else on the engine to suddenly shut it down.

g) A deep engine location, separated from the wheelhouse/cabin by a full height steel bulkhead for lowest center of gravity/better stability, with no engine box cluttering up the work deck aft, while allowing good access all around the engine, either lying on deck arms down or crouching next to it on the bottom.

h) A horizontal propeller shaft for greatest propeller efficiency, with a readily accessible stuffing box at the inboard end of the shaft-log/pipe.

i) A wide propeller/rudder access well to clear potwarp and other snags, using your hands (engine off) and/or a knife/saw without having to dive overboard. With spare prop nuts (spare prop?) you could even attempt to pull the prop while at sea, if a nasty encounter with a log, for instance, bent a prop blade and needs a good talking to with a hammer over the deck railing.

j) A well-protected, strong, fully balanced rudder for light and precise steering.

k) A solid full boat length structure to self center and rest on an array of vertical and horizontal rollers on a decent two axle drop axle trailer for least launching ramp drama and lowest overhead clearance of probably around 11' total.

Above that box keel rests her 1/4" thick bottom plate running in a fine sweep from bow to transom, perfectly flat square across, for:

a) Maximum stability at rest and at sea from both square shouldered midsection and weight low.

b) Essentially frameless construction due to its inherent stiffness from that curvature.

c) Rapid assembly with mostly 90° cuts for bulkheads and semi bulkheads.

d) (Almost) armor-plate for greater impact safety when running into/over "unscheduled" obstacles.

e) No discernible hydrodynamic inefficiencies with that power and at that speed.

We placed the 7'x10' afterdeck area a good 12" above the waterline to achieve good safety with enough buoyancy under it to carry temporary overloads or reliably shrug off green water in really nasty conditions. While there are many boats out there that usually have much less freeboard, including many commercial fishing boats, we consider them unsafe and dangerous in a pinch, no matter how many times they got away with it. Twelve inches is not overkill either, but a good compromise between fishing needs and safety concerns. To get that big fish over her sides, open the transom gate and yank hard or winch it.

The volume under that afterdeck is open for you to check for corrosion and is ventilated as part of the engine arrangements. There is ample room for you to store tools, additional fishing gear, lines, additional anchor and gear, spare parts, etc. in plastic lidded bins (Rubbermaid) that can be nylon strapped into their dedicated spots for good order, zero movement when at sea, and ready accessibility. Just make sure to put everything including the bins on some kind of rack/cleat, etc. so that condensation and general humidity do not go unventilated for long periods of time, fostering hull corrosion.

The railing around the afterdeck and around the raised foredeck is a safer 36+" high to not see you fall overboard from sudden boat movements. We know that many fishermen like their railings much lower, but we find that to be dangerous and, with that transom gate, unnecessary, even the heaviest fish you can catch by hand can be brought in over the transom. We usually like to put 42" high rails on ocean going craft, but on Abbondanza 24, that might be going too far to still put that rod over the side at a decent angle, and there would be overhead clearance problems for trailering.

Between the well gasketted near flush engine room hatch and the pipe/drip collar surrounding the vertical dry exhaust, both water on the afterdeck and rainwater collecting along the exhaust pipe are kept reasonably well from entering the engine room. The muffler itself is a super-critical type, i.e., as quiet as possible, which is available as a very durable moderate cost industrial item off the shelf.

You will also notice the location of the combustion air intake that is supposed to extend all the way to near the underside of the roof for dry and protected induction of air. As you may know, in principle once you've started it, a diesel engines need no electrics to run, essentially just air and clean fuel. This means that it is not impossible to run a diesel engine, even if submerged (depending on model), as long as the engine gets a dry amount of air from well above the water level and no water enters the oil system. Thus, if a pooping sea hits you from behind, with the main bulkhead door dogged tight from the inside, she should be able to drain the water through the ports while continuing to run.

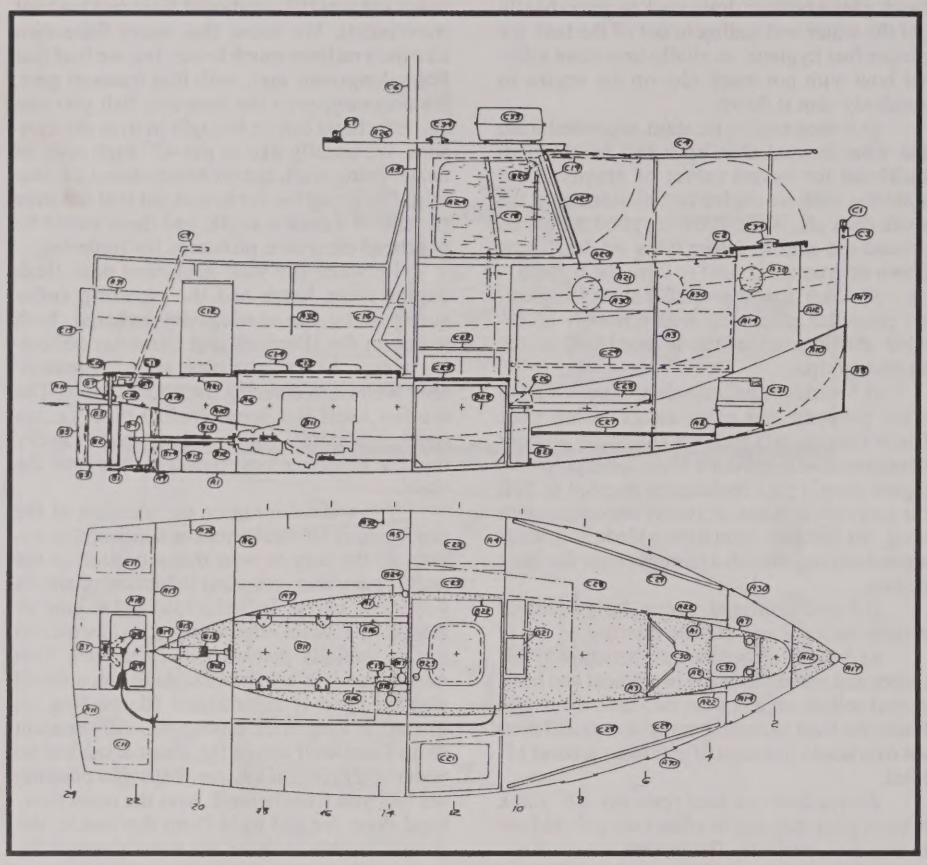
Most boats out there don't have their combustion air intake anywhere near this high in the boat. Thus, in case of catastrophic failure of the stuffing box or the aftermath of a nasty collision with another boat or an underwater obstacle, this could also allow this boat to return to port for immediate attention, or you could just try to run her up onto a sandbank or beach, wherever you could you can jump off her before she can sink.

Beaching damage to the boat would be a secondary concern to your chances of survival. Obviously this depends very much on the circumstances, but being able to count on the engine in such a time of need would perhaps be saving the boat, if not a life.

With the batteries in a separate compartment forward, heavy bilge pumps could perhaps keep up with a leak in the engine room without shorting out, while the same thing could be true the other way around; with the running engine/alternator feeding massive bilge pumps forward, should the hull damage be there. It seems to us that in a collision with a fiberglass or wooden boat, this boat would usually have less problems than the other party.

We put two 10' high aluminum pipes left and right on the wheelhouse after end, allowing the trailing of outriggers with lures, attachment of another 10' section of pipe as a boom to hoist your bounty onto the pier or the float, etc., or do other sorts of work. They sit in sockets on deck, braced by the steel structure of the wheelhouse. When you trailer the boat, they would rest inside the afterdeck.

The wheelhouse itself is all steel as well and the divided windshield opens. The side windows are divided into a sliding and a stationary section of 1/4" laminated glass. With everything wide open, including the door aft, you have shade here but no sweatbox. We ex-



tended the housetop for more cover of the cockpit, all readily alterable to suit particular deck use.

For steering you can stand up or sit on a flip down seat mounted to the bulkhead aft. Ditto for the copilot. Both are essentially standing on a plywood platform right above the fuel tank. The steering is a cheap Teleflex, since the cable would not be that long and the rudder is balanced for less strain generated by a smaller diesel. Engine controls are equally uncomplicated, with gauges located overhead. Notice the flat area ahead of the wheel to put charts down, with the VHF, possible radar screen mounted overhead under the ceiling, out of the sun, the heat, and clearing up valuable real estate for maps, binoculars, and just stuff.

To the right of the helm you'll find a seriously insulated icebox. Whether you'll just use bought ice for a day or two or a 12V electric refrigeration unit to keep things under control for as long as you have electrical power, you could keep first your beverage and then your catch fresh for a good while. Since the box is narrow and rather deep, it makes good use of space that would otherwise be hard to get the most out of. Yes, you'll have to kneel down to reach into it, a small price for the keeping things cool.

To the left of the co-pilot things may look more complicated than they are. For multi-day fishing or actual cruising for a week or four, getting a regular and good meal is imperative for fun, alertness, and just plain stamina. Flipping over part of that helm platform, you could can sit comfortably on it with the feet down in front of a small but functional galley dresser offering an alcohol stove and some work surface, small but useful enough to cook a simple hearty meal afloat. The forward half of that dresser top folds forward to get the sink right side up and offer an additional small work area. You can camp out on her for a good while and a good time, without bad food, ill-temper, and upset stomachs.

Ahead of that platform you step down onto the top of the battery box and then on to the floorboards, ducking some to adjust to the give-or-take 5' of headroom there. You can seat a few people there, dropleaf table optional, or have two stretching out for a curled-up nap. Rolled up overhead during the day, pop the canvas berth pipes into the sockets fore and aft and have yourself a full-length berth for the night, with your feet towards the narrower forward end. There is quite a bit of stowage space under the settees and floorboards, plus possible nylon netting overhead for light stuff like clothes bags, etc.

For overnight trips with more than two, you could, quite seriously, pitch one of those two/three-person fiberglass rod dome tents on the after deck, stuck safely between the bulwarks (no pegs). The freeing ports should be high enough above the water when she's at anchor not to ship any water even in choppy conditions, furthermore, these tents usually have a watertight bottom pan anyway, reaching a few inches above ground/deck level. If you are running continuously (gotta get here fast) with four aboard, two would sleep forward and two would keep each other awake in the wheelhouse while steering and navigating.

Way forward is the head. While the porta-potti, and your butt, are almost wedged between the vertical sides of the cutwater, at about elbow level things are a little more generous to move about. If the afterdeck is not private enough, various arrangements could be made forward for washing up and then collecting greywater. Those portlights should help keep you from getting seasick in there right away, with the hatch obviously of help in general.

Ahead of the head is the self-draining 2-1/2+' deep anchor chain and rode hold, reaching down to the chine. In really nasty weather, standing with your feet on the inside of the chine in the head for a belly-high-only position, ground tackle can be handled with both hands.

Finally, on top of the raised deck there is ample space to spread more fishing rod activities around. The point is to maximize the real estate of useable deck space for fishing, and using the little stairs past the house to move the fish fore and aft as necessary. We don't know your fishing habits, but it seems that up to four people should be able to do their fishing with a fifth at the helm checking the fish finder.

We need that raised deck volume for below decks comfort, but most importantly for safety at sea. Should Abbondanza 24 get hit broadside by large wave, in nasty weather keep hatch, door, and windows closed. This raised deck will allow her to safely come back up, right side up, even after you got rolled 180°+. Most fishing boats, even so-called "offshore sportfishermen," would likely stay upside down, with your survival in doubt as well, before someone sees you, if you survive the first ride.

If everything but basic ventilation is closed during night runs and during runs in dirty weather, her heavy bottom structure, the low engine, the low fuel tank and batteries, will all combine to right her within seconds without taking on serious amount of water. You might suffer bruises or even broken bones, but she should protect you if a freak storm suddenly turns that nice offshore outing into a bit too much drama.

With luck, nothing ever will happen. But to know what she could do in a pinch will offer you comfort running home during ugly conditions, and doing some serious coastal cruising suddenly sounds much more reasonable, making the boat that much more attractive to build and use a lot.

Plans for Design #652 Abbondanza 24 are $300 and are available from Phil Bolger & Friends, 29 Ferry St., Gloucester, MA 01930-4834.

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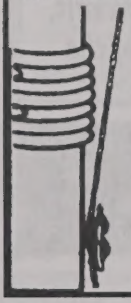

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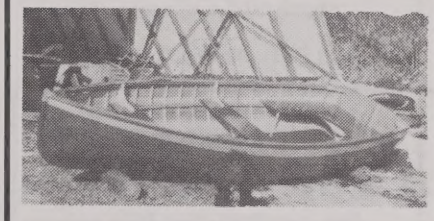

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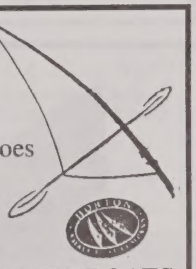

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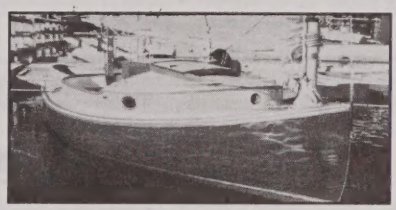

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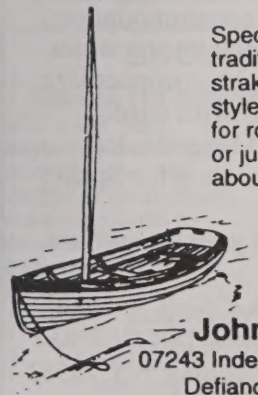

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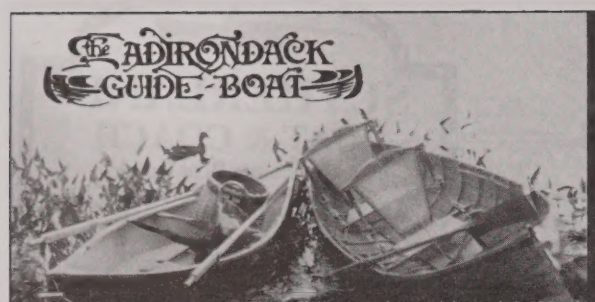

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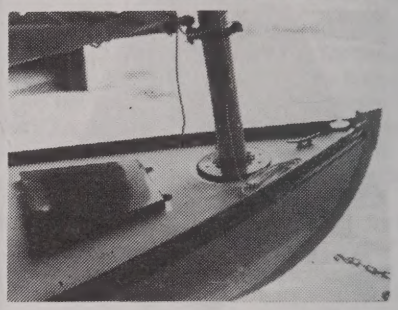

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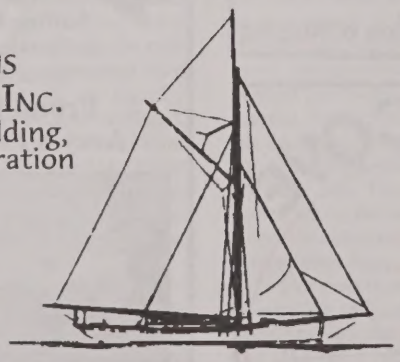

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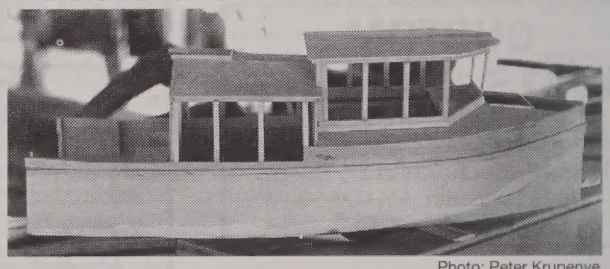

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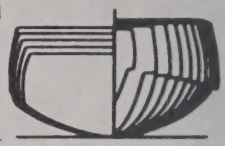

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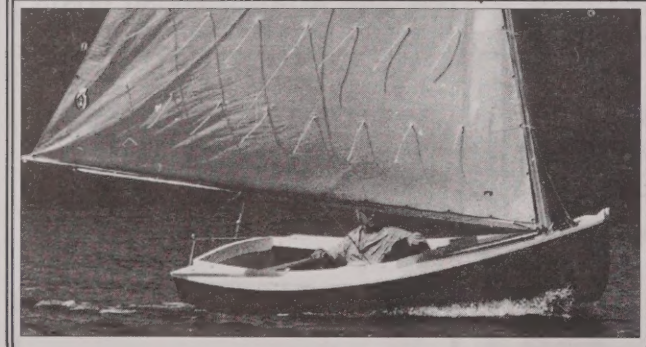

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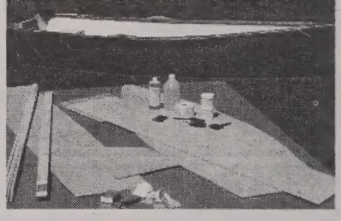

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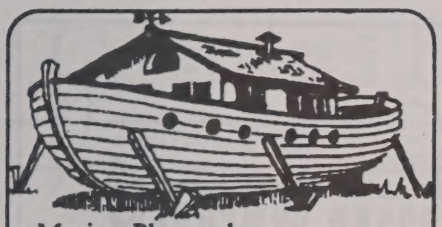

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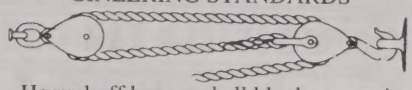

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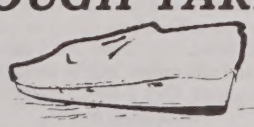

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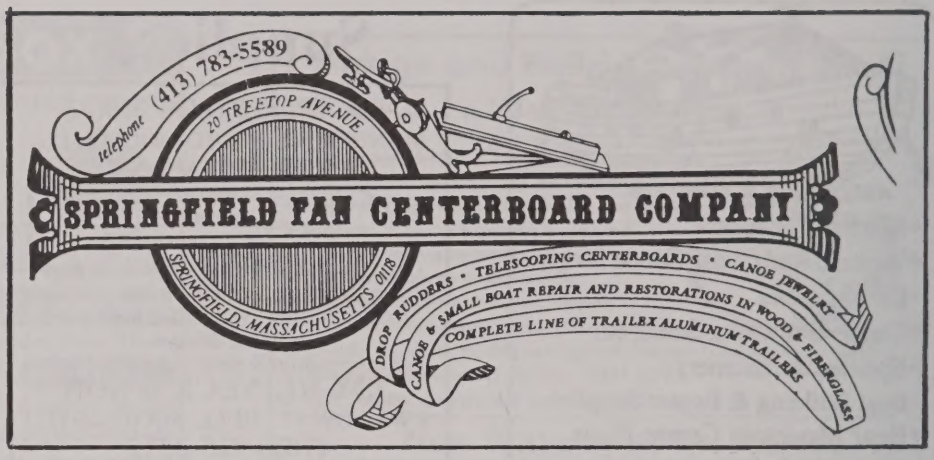
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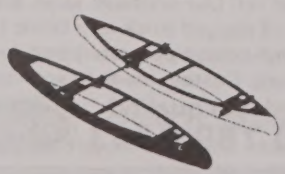

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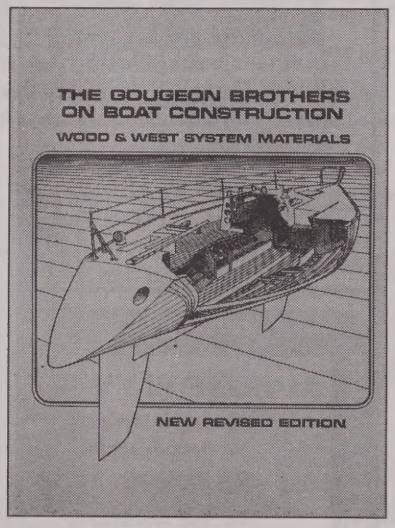

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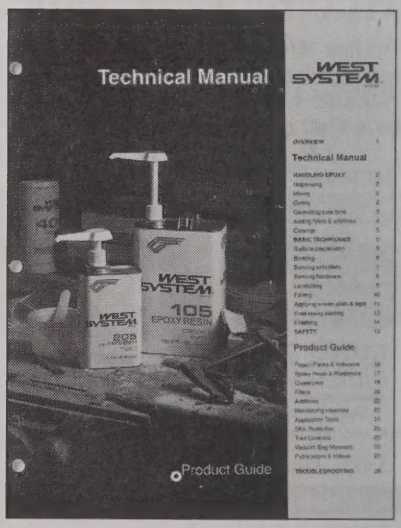

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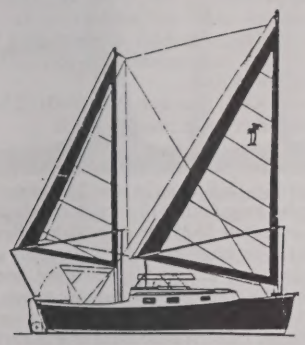

25' Beachcomber Cat Ketch, 4 berths, Yanmar diesel, shoal draft 15", roomy cockpit, bowsprit, sails furl on freestanding masts. Nds repair, sell for best cash offer. Located in TX.
P.K. FAULKNER, (512) 949-9386. (12

14' Swampscott Dory, wood w/epoxied garboard & dbl bottom. Won its heat in Blackburn Challenge 4 yrs ago. Nice looking boat. May be sailed too. $1,000.
PAUL MURRAY, Storrs, CT, (860) 429-1661. (12)

20' Gloucester "82", w/4.5hp Mercury OB, VHF, DS, main & jib, sail cover, vang, cockpit & cabin cushions, porta-potti, sink, water tank, fire ext, flare kit, compass, dinghy w/oars, solar panel, batt & lts. On Calkins 2 wheel trlr. $3,650.
WAYNE BARLOW, Raynham, MA, (508) 823-5562. (12)

Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. $1,200. **14'2" Blackhawk,** "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. $1,200. **11'8" Blackhawk, "**Shadow", green turquoise FG, white ash. $800. **20' Old Town,** Guide, '34, w/canvas, spruce gunwales. $500.
TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

18' Herreshoff Harbor Pilot, '74, Nowak & Williams, Volvo 140A 4-cyl, new cushions, mooring cover. $9,000.
MICHAEL SMITH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5392. (13)

Windward 15, ply hull partially compl. mast, plans, 1 sheet marine ply. $300. **10' Achilles Inflatable.** $500.
PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (13)

Nimble 24 Yawl, trlr, 8hp Honda, GPS, VHF, depthfinder, cockpit cushions,awning. Ec cond, many improvements. $16,500.
DAVE LOUX, Georgetown, DE, (302) 875-2917. (13)

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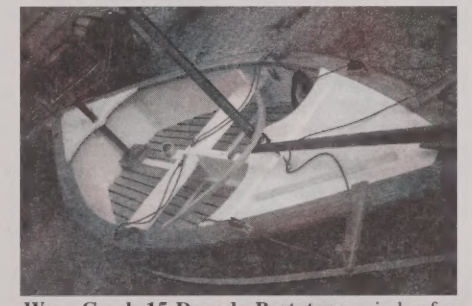

Ware Creek 15 Duende Prototype, windsurfer rigged cat ketch. 2 nearly new sails, grt shallow water gunkholer. weighs trailerable 325lbs. $1,895 OBO.
BOB AUSTIN, Williamsburg, VA, (757) 566-3769. (12)

25' '70 Westerly Tiger, sloop rigged, solid FG hull, rlr frl gen, rlr rf main, '88 Westerbeke dsl, slps 4-6, dbl berth, v berth, 2 qrtr brths, 7,800lbs displ, loran, depth, VHF, comp, SS stove & sink, encl marine head, bilge, tlr strg, Danforth & plow anchors, full swing keel, new gel coat. Vy well maintained. Moored Marblehead, MA. Wonderful wknd & family cruiser. $8,000. Buying bigger boat.
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Unique 16' FG Boat, center console, deep-V lapstrake hull design w/horshoe of mahogany coaming around fwd V-shaped seating area. New Hummingbird Wide 100 depth/fish finder. Exc for fishing, skiing or just plain cruising. 60hp Mercury OB, power tilt & trim, only 3hrs fresh water use since major overhaul. New trlr, bearing buddies, tongue jack/wheel & spare. Interested in trading for trailerable sailboat w/cabin. Asking $4,800.
ART EICKENBERG, Fayetteville, GA, (404) 305-5569. (12)

30' Double Ended Cutter, newly constr Buehler design at planking stage. Incl all wood (hackmatack) needed to finish planking, fasteners & plans. $2,995.
SHOESTRING SHIPYARD, Sagamore Beach, MA, (508) 888-7960. (12)

16.5' Micro Trawler, exc cond, blt '94, marine mahog ply, epoxy, FG, interior all bright mahogany, fully equipped, galv trlr, Yamaha 9.9 4-stroke high thrust OB. 2 single berths or dbl berth. This boat is longer than standard Micro Trawler by 2'. Vy well blt by myself, a professional cabinetmaker. $14,500CAN.
HAN VAN PELT, Balderson, ON, (613) 267-5423 work, (613) 278-2109 res. (12)

14' Solo Cedar Strip Canoe, Wm. English #20 pattern from *Canoe Craft* plans. Exc. $800. **17' Wenonah Spirit II,** 40# kevlar canoe. Vy gd. $1,200. **10'x 4' Norwegian Style Pram,** lapstrake, finished bright. Copper rivets & roves. A beauty. New. $2,150.
BOB or ZACH THOMAS, Ballston Spa, NY, (518) 885-9769. (12)

17' Wooden Sailing Dory, 3 rowing stations, 3 sails ca '30's, w/trlr. $500.
CAPT. J. MILANOWSKI, Holland, MI, (616) 399-4642. (12)

'62 Lotus 28 Sailboat, gd cond, nds sails & TLC. $3,200 OBO.
BETTY HOLMES, Verona Beach, NY, (315) 762-4232. (13P)

Cape Dory 30, fully equipped, designed by Carl Alberg, est replacement cost as equipped $75,000. Inventory & '98 vessel insurance & valuation survey available on request. W/ Sturdee 8' tender. $25,450.
RALPH TOWNLY, Box 516, Marion, MA 02738, (508) 748-2251 phone & fax. (12)

14.6 American "93", Carolina edition, sails used twice, motor mount, hatch door, boat cover, sail bag, galv trlr w/spare tire & wheel, 3hp OB. All like new, stored under cover. $2,950.
ROBERT SCHOLZ, Silver Springs, FL, (352) 625-4304. (14)

20' Drascombe Peter Boat, rare CB lug yaw l, custom WEST System constr by prof btblder. Bristol cond, slps 2 in cuddy cabin, sails 4 comfortably. Galv Calkins trlr, 4hp Evinrude. $7,995.
BRYAN QUIRK, Anacortes, WA, (360) 299-8274, (14)

17' Wood/Canvas Kayak, traditionally blt hard chine shallow V bottom, spacious cockpit. Yellow & white, nice cond. W/Folbot take-apart double paddle. $250 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

Marshall Marine Sandpiper Catboat, w/many extras. New 4hp Johnson OB on bracket. Call anytime. $6,500.
KARL WEBSTER, P.O. Box 261, Brooksville, ME 04617, (207) 326-9781. (12)

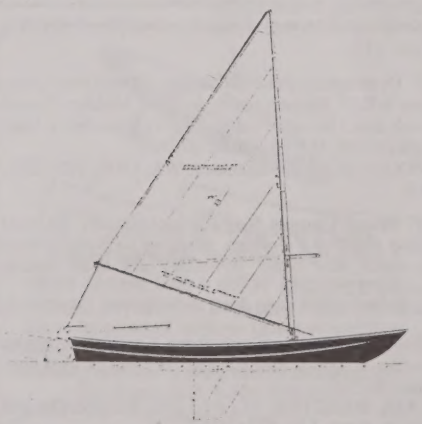
'71 Bristol 26, keel/CB w/remote 9.9 Yamaha 4-stroke. Dark green, all gear, sailaway, exc cond. Slps 5, w/dinette, full hdrm, enclosed head, bimini. $5,900. **'68 Columbia Challenger,** 24' flush deck sloop. Lg cockpit, slps 4, grt family pocket cruiser. Custom cradle. Vy clean, compl, sailaway. $1,950 OBO.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (13)

All Purchased New: '91 Lund 18' Alaskan, 1 air ride pedestal seat, 1 reg pedestal seat, Lund mooring cover, Custom mahogany foredeck, Fortune custom dodger w/SS frame, custom cntr console, NOS chrome plated bow light, SS stern light, 2 6gal Yamaha gas tanks, 2 3gal Yamaha gas tanks. '92 Yamaha Pro 50 OB, pwr trim & tilt, electric start & choke, full guages, SS prop. '89 Shorelander galv trlr w/ spare tire. $7,500. **Keowee Kayaks (2).** $275 ea. Photos on request. (13)
GUNNAR SEIGH, Staatsburg, NY, (914) 889-4592.

17' B.N. Morris Canoe, '10 w/sponsons, style #2 closed gunwale, 24" extended decks, mahogany trim, corroded fastenings. Rough shape. $200. **18' Old Town Guide Canoe,** '65, #173464-18. Heavy damge, 4 broken rails, 15 broken ribs, all in 1 area. Decks, stems, seats varnish all in exc shape. $350. **16' Kennebec Canoe,** '40's Run About sq stern w/ sponsons. Compl restoration in '89 by Northwoods Canoe Co. Mahogany trim, bronze hrdwre & oarlocks, 48" extended deck. Transom 31"x 17", inside width 40", depth 18-1/2". Vy rare boat. $4,350.
NORTHWOODS CANOE CO., Atkinson, ME, (207) 564-3667. (13)

'88 Marshall 15' Sandpiper, varnished oak coamings, meticulously maintained. Trlr, unused SeagullOB, 10' oars, docklines, fenders, Harken main sheet blocks, sail & cockpit covers. This boat is in exc shape. $8,500. STEVEN FEINSTEIN, CT, (203) 629-1725,
email <steven.feinstein.sm.58@aya.yale.edu> (13)

Free Boat, Bolger-designed 8' dinghy Brick. Can be sailed, rowed or motored. 4' beam, can carry 4 adults. Nds painting & fixing a small leak. DAVID COLLINS, North Yarmouth, ME, (207) 829-5145. (13)



15'+ Bolger Gypsy, graceful, everything lk new, for sailing, rowing, motoring. Plywood/WEST epoxy composite construction according to Dynamite Payson's instructions. Bronze oarlocks. Bldng plans & articles on this classic boat, incl John Garber's odyssey along the Maine coast in *SBJ*. Gambell & Hunter tanbark leg-o-mutton sail. A beautiful head turner. Only lightly used as we learned my wife does not care for sailing. $995 w/trlr. LARRY JONES, Raleigh, NC, (919) 851-4586, email: <larry_jones@ncsu.edu> (12)

Used Kayaks, Walden. $279. O.T. Spirit, $274. O.T. Duo, w/2 paddles. $425. O.T. Solo w/paddle. $339. Perception, w/all gear. $439. **16' Wood/Canvas Canoe,** restored. $750.
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (13)

15' Bolger Micro Trawler, '94. Marine ply & epoxy blt, bottom Versatex sheathed. Teleflex helm & controls. No motor, marginal trlr. $950. Can deliver.
TONY MC GARRY, Everett, WA, (425) 259-6915. (13)

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Old Surfboard, 9' or so. Also interested in windsurfer.
PAUL MURRAY, Storrs, CT., (860) 429-1661. (12)

Sportyak III, fair cond or better, any color. (12)
CAPT. J. Milanowski, Holland, MI, (616) 399-4642.

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

5 Bronze Mast Tangs, approx 14" long, 3 types. Call for specs. $15-$20 ea.
ROBERT KUGLER, Fairfield, CT, (203) 259-3049. (13)

Sails: Spinnaker, red/white/blue radial head, 26' leach 14' foot used once; jib, 24'2" luff, 8'9" LP good condition; genoa 24' luff, 13 LP, Wilson&Silsby #129 gd cond; jib, 23'9" luff, 8'10" LP, Ansen, new (never used); main, 30'6" luff, 12'9" foot, 1 reef, vy gd cond T-bird head & #129; old jib & genoa, size as above, usable but pretty beat. All of above come from a Thunderbird sloop. Will sell as package or individually. Make offer. Also mylar genoa for a Triton 28' luff, 14'9" LP ? If ever used? Looks new but grommets and hank pistons corroded (but work fine). **Mast:** 35' aluminum mast w/all SS standing rigging (2 yrs old) incl turnbuckles & split back stay w/4:1 tension tackle. Fractional rig w/ jumpers. Also spruce boom (13') w/all hrdwre. Some running rigging available. Came from Thunderbird
MARK PARKER, Hancock, NH, (603) 525-3438, email: <mparker@mtp.mv.com> (13)

Dacron Main & Jib, 150sf ideal for small boat project this winter. Main 20'6" luff, 9'9" foot, approx 100sf; jib 15' luff, 7' foot, approx 50sf. Little used, exc cond. $200 firm.
BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906 6-9pm best. (TF)

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ALLEN KENNEDY, 240 W. 98th St. #11, New York, NY 10025. (12)

Rhodes Bantam Spinnaker, useable cond.
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Suit of Sails, for S.F. Bay Pelican that I'm restoring to her former glory.
JIM TOMKINS, 2783 West River, Gr. Island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268. (12)

Mainsail, for Bristol 26; luff 27', foot 11'8", or any sial close to these dimensions.
AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (215) 579-9103. (13)

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Volvo Penta MD2B, 2 cyl 25hp. recent rbld w/over $1k in new parts. Engine submerged, will deliver. BO or trade.
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Gloucester Gull Station Molds. $200.
SHOESTRING SHIPYARD, Sagmore Beach, MA, (508) 888-7960. (12)

Hardware, salvaged from 26' Thunderbird incl pulpit/pushpit & lifelines w/stantions, winches, cleats, marine head, main traveler, genoa tracks& blocks, much more. All in gd cond. Will sell any for 25% of new West catalog or make an offer. **Triad Dual Axle Trlr,** w/15" wheels & spare. Surge brakes are history, but parts readily available (have manual and order list from Triad). Tows well as is. Support arms for keel boat. Listed @ 6,000lbs. $400 or offers. **Boat Building Wood,** white oak, air dried, 1" rough, random width and length (you can pick), $1.25/bf (250bf available) also recycled beams (pine/fir) 3"x12" (full dimension) +-16', exc for keel deadwood, etc. $20ea.
MARK PARKER, Hancock, NH, (603) 525-3438, email: <mparker@mtp.mv.com> (13)

'98 4hp Mercury OB, short shaft, internal gas tank. Fwd-Neut-Rev shift. Bought new 2/98, only 35min run time. Nd longshaft. Will consider trade plus for quality ocean shell. $625. **Drop-in Sliding Seat Rig,** Piantedosi for sculling w/9'9" oars in canoe, guideboat, open kayak. Professional anodized auminum, fully adjustable for any size rower, maple seat, locking oar locks. This rig is used on many shells. Weight 15lbs. A solid rigid unit in perf cond. Will consider trade plus for quality ocean shell. $325.
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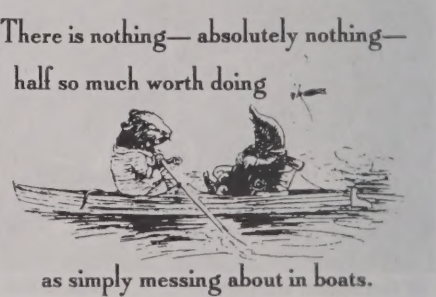

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WATERMARK, P.O. Box 368, Eliot, ME 03903.

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AL FITTIPALDI, Newtown, PA, (609) 463-8539. (13)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. $3 incl mailing.
TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. $12 postpaid.
NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

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WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

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EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

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DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411-7850. (TF)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 3 wknds & about $150 puts you on the water. 11.5' LOA, 24lbs, step by step instructions, full size patterns. $35.
ERIC C. RISCH, HCR33 Box 117, S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TFP)

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Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder, Motor Boating; Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.
THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (978) 462-2072. (TFP)

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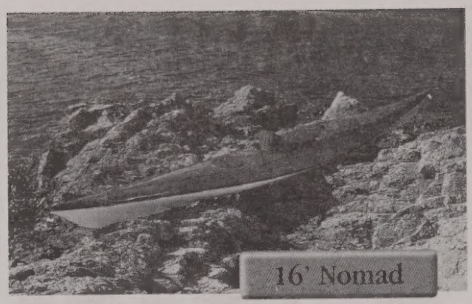
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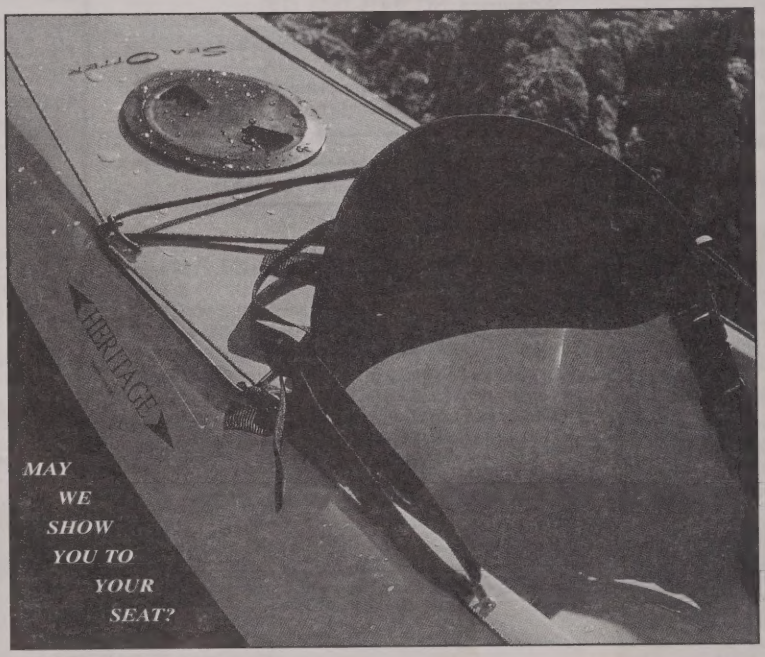

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